THE ILLUSTRATED Newspaper.

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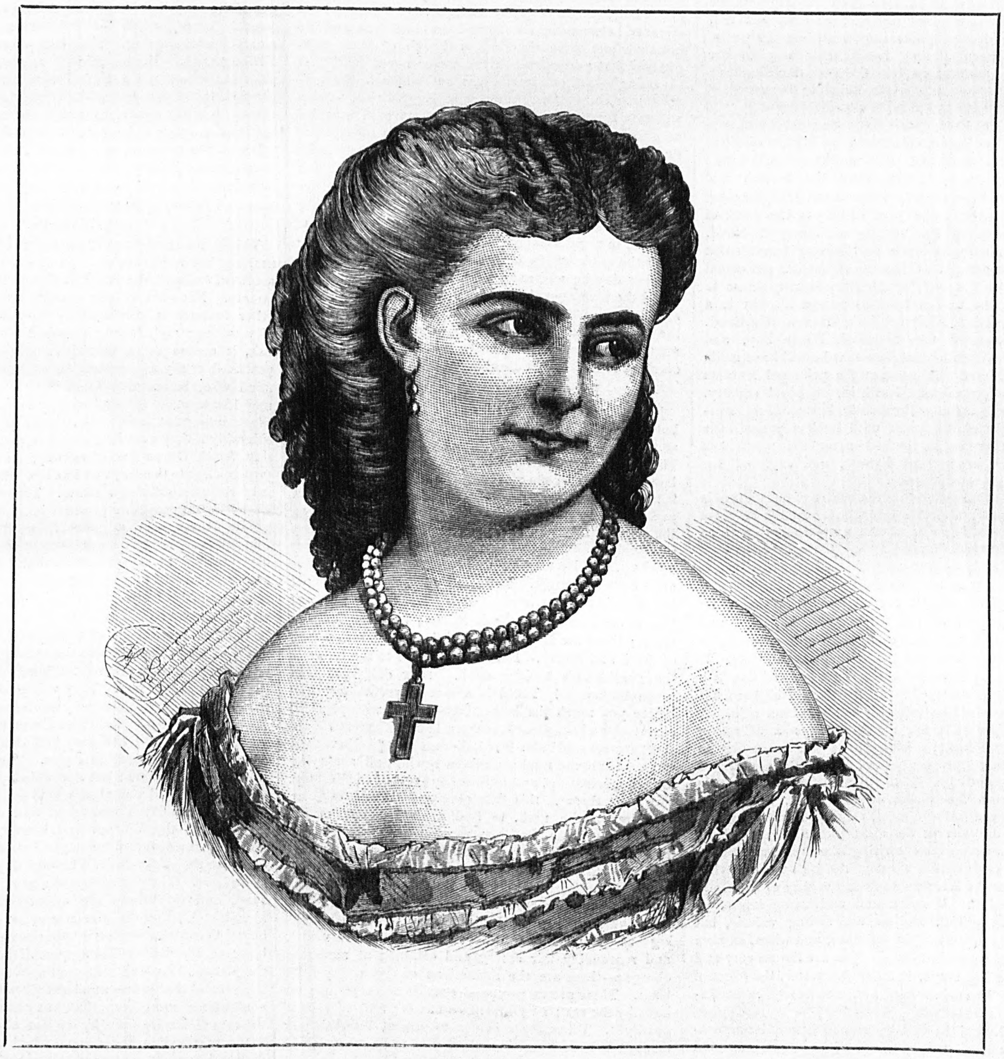


MARIE MONBELLI.

PICTURES
ON
ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

ILFRACOMBE.

THIS week our artist carries us off our ordinary route to take a peep at North Devon. On page 452 appears his sketch of Ilfracombe, in our experience one of the most beautiful seaside spots in Europe.

There are many ways of reaching Ilfracombe. Of the route by rail, *viâ* Exeter and Barnstaple, and by coach the last twelve miles, we need say nothing. It is the simplest, but at the same time the most humdrum. Another way is by Great Western to Bristol, and thence by steamboat to Ilfracombe. This is a route that will commend itself to the tourist who likes a dash of variety and the semblance of adventure. In the first place it enables him to visit Portishead Pier, in the Bristol Channel, round which the scenery and the country are eminently interesting. In this paper we gave last year a very fine picture of Portishead Pier, and a full account of its construction, and we recommend the reader who intends to take that route to the West to turn over our back numbers and find the paper. It will add a zest to his enjoyment of the trip. The journey by steamboat to Ilfracombe forms a very pleasant and health-giving little voyage, and, in our opinion, doubles the visitor's appreciation of the delights of Ilfracombe when he gets there. But as we have been carrying on these sketches now for several weeks, and have been treating hitherto exclusively of South Devon and Cornwall, we feel that we are in a degree addressing ourselves either to visitors who have already found their way to the south and the extreme west, or to those who have made up their minds to take a tourist's ticket to Penzance, in order to explore our island in its Cornish extremity. To these we venture to recommend what in our opinion is after all the most interesting method of reaching Ilfracombe. After exploring West and South Cornwall; after having done Land's End, the Lizard, and Falmouth, we have already pointed out that the next great attraction in the way of scenery is the coast of North Cornwall, in the vicinity of Tintagell Head. There undoubtedly is some of the very finest coast scenery in the county. When the tourist has exhausted the beauties of that delightful locality he may return to Launceston, and thence by road pursue his way in a northerly direction, visiting Bude Haven, Hartland, Clovelly, Westward Ho, Bideford, Morte Bay, and Ilfracombe. When he has done that he will have made himself acquainted with some of the principal features of the North Cornwall and North Devon coast country, though he must not consider that he knows all the marvellous beauty of the latter until he has pursued his journey further north, looked upon the marvellous and romantic scenery of Lynton, and explored the wonderful regions of Exmoor.

The piece of water forming the centre of our picture is a natural basin, almost land-locked. At the rising of the tide the sea flows in at the narrow mouth seen on the right of the sketch, until it gives, in the little enclosed harbour, a depth by the quay side of from fourteen to sixteen feet; yet at low tide the basin may be seen perfectly empty, the vessels are shored up on the sandy bed, seamen walk to and fro between the ships and the shore, and fishermen's children gather shellfish without wetting more than the soles of their boots. It is a pleasant sight to see the water wash and flow into this pretty little harbour, rising higher and higher till it laves the roots of the trees on the southern side. A vessel with its sails set makes always a charming picture, but we do not think we have ever seen a ship to better advantage, as an object whose beauty is enhanced by its surroundings, than when it has been slowly moving across the bosom of this basin, in a circle formed of green turf and trees, shelving lowlands, moss-clad rocks, and one of the most picturesque of fishing towns and watering-places rising like a panorama from the water's edge up the sides of the hills which shelter the homes of the inhabitants from the fury of the sea in stormy weather. Wooded and undulating landscape is always delightful, and so are sailing vessels, but when the two are brought together, and when, as from many points round Ilfracombe, you see the scenery and and the moving ships, but not the water, the effect of the picture is enchanting, and not easily to be forgotten.

Ilfracombe and the country around form quite a paradise of glorious scenery, both of sea and rock and landscape. Look from whatever aspect you may, the outlines of the hills, overlapping each other and rising in heights against the sky, seem to have been arranged for effect. The tourist who begins at this point, and has not yet got used to Devon scenery and the sweet clear air which seems to throw a halo over all objects, will be disposed to imagine that he is no longer in England, but in some specially favoured clime, or a country where the lines of nature have been touched by a spell to delight the eye and charm the other senses.

From our picture the reader may form an idea of the character of Ilfracombe as a watering-place. The pedestrian, after strolling on the northern wall of the basin, may without difficulty find a footpath round the rugged point which separates the sea from the harbour, and explore the rocks seaward. He will discover terrace walks at various heights, cut for him by the local authorities. He may, therefore, wander by the water's edge, or wind along near the caps of the hills. Occasionally he will arrive at a sweet little cove, and sometimes find himself at the mouth of a deep romantic cavern, into which he may penetrate at low tide, and wherein, when the waters are up, the waves roar and make strange music. We have observed, with respect to the coves and rock bases washed by the sea round Land's End, that life, both animal and vegetable, is scarce. It is just the reverse at Ilfracombe. Every hollow in a stone washed over by the waves is full of plants and living things in wonderful variety and of singular beauty. Exploring at the foot of the rocks, and jumping from boulder to boulder, you pass little gullies and lakelets of transparent water whose beds cannot be equalled in beauty and interest by the most costly and fantastically contrived aquarium. This is, indeed, life by the seaside for the toil-worn citizen. In the quietude of these rocks, overlooking the wonderful and unwearying sea, one may spend days and weeks, and be sorry in the end that the time for departure has arrived. When the pedestrian has passed round the second, and highest, of the mountainous rocks in our picture he will descend upon the Ilfracombe Hotel, and, if he is not staying there, he must then make a detour inland in order to reach the shore again; for the grounds of the hotel run down to the water's edge for some little distance between the second and the third rock, and the hotel visitors have therefore a beach of their own, whereof that portion which the water never reaches is charmingly laid out in gardens and walks by the proprietors. Our readers, however, if they take our advice, will save themselves the detour and cast anchor at this magnificent hotel, which is one of the finest examples of this department of modern enterprise. In its splendid dining hall he will find a company of upwards of a hundred persons every day at table d'hôte during the season. Pursuing his walk, however, further south, by the rocks, he will be able, without once losing sight of the sea, to wander round for several miles till he overlooks the noble sweep of Bideford Bay. And when on another day he wishes to vary his walk, he will pass round the town, get the basin on his left hand, and find excellent travelling along coast northward till he reaches the world-famed Lynton, which is, however, some sixteen miles distant, and is more easily reached by the aid of a carriage to be hired at Ilfracombe.

REMINISCENCES OF DAWLISH.

Since I left Dawlish I have been in the thick of the battles around Aldershot. I have also seen "Hinko" at the Queen's, and the new circus near Oxford-street. These and other incidents of my return to London make Dawlish seem to me a thousand miles away. I feel as if I looked back over several years between the present and my happy two or three days in that lovely valley on the coast of Devon. Yet that "abode of bliss" is only four and a half hours from town, and I was there three weeks ago. Events slip away from us rapidly in these swift days of change. The picture in last week's paper helps one's memory immensely. There is the railway; yonder the Parson and Clerk Rocks; here the familiar boats; there the Esplanade; and, lastly, the sea, rolling up fresh and breezy. Near the entrance to the tunnel is the gentleman's bathing nook. How delightful that remembrance is! There is a sort of preliminary hall before you reach the larger bay—a hall with pleasant caverns for a background, caverns filled with mermaids in short dresses and hats. The ladies are occupied in various ways. Some are reading, others sewing, all are trying to look fascinating, and in this they succeed wonderfully. You pass through this first cove and then through an aperture in the rock, to find a double row of the pleasantest little bathing machines in the world. There are also diving platforms on wheels; so that you can take a header equal in show to *Myles-na-Coppaleen's* and far more refreshing. The machines belong to companies who have the interest of bathers thoroughly at heart. It is the perfection of bathing at Dawlish. Good bathing, pleasant walks, and reasonably fair eating and drinking at moderate charges—these are the attractions of this pretty little town. There are no so-called seaside amusements; no halls by the sea; no promenade bands; and very little gas-light. When night comes to you at Dawlish you must go to bed. There is nothing else to be done, unless there be a moon; and then a ramble on the beach and into the neighbourhood of "The Warren" is full of romantic lights and shadows.

The best inn at Dawlish is the London; the next best house is the York. There are other comfortable and respectable houses where good accommodation can be had "for man and beast." The town is built on the banks of a stream that runs into the sea at the entrance of one of the prettiest of little seaside valleys. There are good lodgings to be had at moderate charges. The hotels still adhere to the stupid fashion of high prices for wines, thus driving their customers to cider, beer, and brandy. This is the fault of nearly all the Devonshire hotels. Seven to ten shillings for clarets and champagnes are absurd charges. Any first-class London hotel or café gives you a selection of claret from 2s. to 5s., and champagne from 4s. to 6s. I have a letter from a friend who is making holiday in New York, telling me that a pint of good wine costs 8s. Another correspondent, from California, says he pays 1s. 8d. for a glass of brandy. No wonder New Yorkers find it less expensive to travel in Europe than through their own United States.

There are certain excursions which you should take from Dawlish. Little Haldon is worth examining. It is 818 feet high and commands a fine view. Moreover, it is celebrated as the scene of a Roman camp. You should also visit the ruins of Lithwell Chapel, and the Parson and Clerk Rocks. "The Warren" is worth a visit, and there are several local show residences which you will find fully described in the Dawlish Guide. This excellent little work will try to persuade you that you should visit Starcross. Now there is no harm in your going to this little village, but there is nothing worth seeing there. The oysters of the place have no actual existence, and I know of nothing else that could attract you thither in the autumn. If you are a pedestrian, you will find many pretty walks around Dawlish. Preferring to ride, you have ample choice of vehicles, which are let out at a shilling an hour in Dawlish, and at so much per journey outside the town.

I advise any of my friends who want genial winter quarters to go to Dawlish, Torquay, or Teignmouth. The neighbourhood of Dawlish supplies the first asparagus of the season to London. A limited company has recently been formed for cultivating this vegetable monarch of the spring. That is a phrase worthy of the *Tallowgraph*. Having arrived at such a triumphant pitch of composition, I think I may fairly conclude this short sketch of my Devonshire Elysium. The little town comes up in my memory through the smoke of Aldershot like a dream of happiness. The *Saturday Review* talks of the miseries of "getting into harness" after your summer holiday, but when these tortures are over how sustaining and pleasant is the memory of sunny seas and flowery hedgerows!

"THE WARREN."

This is not exactly one of the sights of the West. It is nothing but a barren expanse of marshy sand, off the southern shore of the River Exe, near the mouth of the stream. But some of our readers take an interest in other features of the country they visit besides the picturesque; and, having gossiped a little about Dawlish, it occurs to us that there may be tourists of a practical, or say an engineering or enterprising, turn of mind who, before they leave the vicinity of Dawlish, may like to make themselves acquainted with a few of those important facts which would interest them considerably if they were inhabitants of that locality. Take that South Devon line of railway, for instance, which runs so close to the sea, and has had great gaps made in it by the waves during a storm. That railway was once worked by atmospheric pressure instead of steam. The great Brunel was a believer in the utilisation of atmospheric power in the movement of locomotives, and here he tried the experiment, at vast cost to the shareholders, and had to give it up at last, and to condescend to the comparatively prosaic use of steam. Then, if the visitor will extend his walk along or near the beach till he reaches the village of Starcross, he will observe a new pier stretching out into the estuary. The fishermen or boatmen of Starcross will tell him, if he cares to listen, the history of that pier. They will inform him that some five or six years ago a company was formed, called the Exe Bight Oyster Fishery and Pier Company (Limited). At great expense that company laid down an oyster-bed near this spot and built this pier. The oysters seemed to prosper for a time; but one unlucky night in 1868 a wild storm raged out at sea and in the estuary of the Exe, and next day it was found that the wide plain of sand called the Warren had been rifted and torn in pieces by the sea, and tons upon tons of sand had been cast into the oyster-beds. The work of years was undone in an hour. The young oysters were smothered in the sand, and we believe the oyster enterprise has been abandoned. But the pier remained, and here it was hoped that a new trade might be opened. Unfortunately, however, the Exeter Town Council became jealous of the pier, and entered an action against the company on the ground that it was an obstruction to the navigation, contending, moreover, that, as the Corporation of the city of Exeter were by ancient charter the conservators of the Exe, the company had no right to erect a pier and levy dues without the sanction of that body. That suit has been going on three or four years, and is not yet at an end, though it is expected that a compromise will be effected, the Council permitting the pier to stand, and the company admitting that the Council (and not Earl Devon, their lessor) are the rightful conservators of the stream.

BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [457

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

SUNDAY ITEMS.

WITHOUT going to look up the special features of the London out-door Sabbath, he who travels through the streets observantly sees many things notable and not without interest to reflect upon. There is no city quite like London on the Seventh Day. The large capitals abroad are different, partly because one may be quite certain that there are various *foci* of entertainment, towards which the public are wending in holiday attire and holiday cheer. In Paris or Lyons or Rouen the people make it a point to live abroad as much as possible when they are not at work or asleep, and so they come out in streaming and animated and gaily-bedizened throngs, and seem full of the determination to go somewhere, whether or not they have any definite destination. In the Protestant cities of Germany young people hail the Sunday morning with all the glee that lightens the step of the English youth or maiden on the occurrence of one of the half-dozen or so of annual day's holidays. If the English made high carnival of pleasure one day in every week they would soon learn to go about it with a certain half indifference, because of the too frequent repetition of the relaxation; but it is not so among the French or Germans or the inhabitants of Southern Europe. With them the elasticity of merry-making has plenty of time to recover itself in seven days. On the other hand, our Sunday differs a good deal from the English provincial Sunday, because, considerably out of proportion to the difference of population, there are more people abroad, though the numbers in our streets bear no comparison with those of the public ways of Continental cities. An ordinary town in England seems absolutely deserted during the hours of religious service. Of a population of thirty, forty, fifty, eighty, or a hundred thousand, a large number are at church or chapel; some are away on excursions; the remainder are at home. The few who may, by chance, be seen moving through the town are, numerically, so wholly inconsiderable that they may be practically left out of account altogether. And there is another short period of the Sunday when the desolation of the provincial streets is even more complete, and that is from about a quarter past one o'clock till about two. In a large, thriving, commercial town—the capital of a county—one might safely undertake to walk half a mile through the principal thoroughfare at a given time between one and two o'clock without meeting half a score persons. No such thing can be said in any degree of the great streets of the capital. To correspond with the country, there are vast numbers in places of worship during service hours and vast numbers at home. Also between one and two o'clock on Sunday there are, probably, hundreds of thousands dining or lunching. But there is an immense residue always left for the streets.

These out-door wanderers are, however, not a very merry or light-hearted people. They would look oddly enough by the side of the street throngs of Paris or Vienna, of Berlin or Hamburg, at the same hour. Most of them seem to have crawled out of some concealed habitation. They hang about, taking note of nothing at all. They are not going anywhere, and they are not stopping anywhere in particular, unless it be at the corner gin-shop. That house of refreshment is closed, and will not be opened for another hour or more; but there is a small company seated on the door-step, and others lean against the shutters, or loiter on the kerb of the pavement. Those who do not idle away the time thus—men and women and children of a different class—are bent upon some errand, but they have no common destination. They are moved by as many different motives as there are individuals among them, and the Sunday seems to lose its unity as we watch them.

The specially London aspect of the Sunday—the spiritless, the purposeless, the generally unsatisfactory aspect—comes to an end soon after the dinner hour. The afternoon wears a somewhat more holiday-like appearance. A great fault of the morning, after eleven o'clock, is the comparative absence of the female element. The women are at church, at chapel, or at home. They do not appear in our streets between eleven o'clock and half-past twelve. After the mid-day dinner hour, however, they begin to show themselves, and the scene improves. The fair sex are less English, in the stolid sense, than are the men. The hour, the relaxation from business—the hope, at least, that there is to be relaxation and change—affect them more readily. So the streets get gay and passably pleasant to look into as the hours wear away; and if the fair sex had more influence than they have upon the spending of the remainder of the time, the closing in of Sunday night would be a better scene to sketch than it is; for the women and girls who go out in large numbers on Sunday afternoon and evening are in the habit of returning home sober.

JOURNALISTIC GOSSIP.

We believe it is in the country and not in London that the greatest amount of interest is felt in gossip respecting literary men, journalists, actors, public singers, and others who occupy a prominent place in the life of the capital. We know of no metropolitan paper which takes the trouble to provide its readers with the same sort of conversational articles as those which appear in the principal provincial journals under the name of "London Letters." The writings of "our London Correspondent" are often unduly abused and unfairly ridiculed. Naturally, as the demand for this order of composition is large, and some local newspapers are willing to receive a correspondent's letter at a price that would not pay an office boy for the time spent in turning into readable copy a column of matter, there must be a good many letters which are not only worthless but pernicious, inasmuch as they will necessarily contain a good deal of pretended information, and anecdotes which are false and injurious to the character of those public men and women whose names form the topic of comment. We could, however, make out quite a long list of country newspapers which have admirable and honest London letters regularly in their columns, and we can very well understand the interest with which they are read by the large majority of the readers of those papers.

This is the season in which the London correspondent indulges in the greatest quantity of pure gossip, seeing that public affairs are not much under discussion. From several letters before us we will make an extract or two to-day. Here is a note which we have reason to believe is written by a gentleman who speaks of what he knows at first hand. It refers to one whose journalistic labours have attracted some attention during the last few weeks. We quote from the weekly letter in the *Birmingham Morning News*:—

> Among the very best of the holiday papers in the dailies have been a series of letters from Devon and Cornwall. They were from the pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett, whose literary history may be an encouragement to aspiring young intellects of any and every persuasion. Mr. Bennett is a native of one of the very sweetest districts in England—Gloucestershire. He was a devotee of music. In the course of time (not Pollock's) he became organist of Samuel Martin's Church at Westminster, where he received the munificent and strictly evangelical salary of £40 per annum. In a mysterious manner, on the death of Mr. George Lake, the composer of the oratorio of "Daniel," he became the musical critic of the *Sunday Times*. His abilities were rapidly appreciated; and Mr. Bennett, after Mr. Davison, who can have no competitor, is universally recognised in London as the most competent musical critic on the press. He works very hard, still retaining his post on the *Sunday Times*. He is the musical representative of the "largest circulation in the world;" he edits the *Musical World*; he does all the best musical work on the *Pall Mall Gazette*; besides which he supplies the articles in his own department of literature which appear in the *Illustrated Times* and the *Graphic*. Now, you will be well able to understand that after a very busy musical season poor Mr. Bennett wanted a holiday, and he applied to the magnate of Peterborough-court for leave of absence. The superlative shirt-front that sits enthroned there, in tones that embodied everything mellifluous in the history of Israel, assured Mr. Bennett, as he has assured every one on the establishment, that the paper could not possibly get on without him, and that if he went away he must describe everything he should see, and should be paid accordingly; hence the articles on Cornwall and Devon in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Close after this paragraph follows one with respect to a better known man and a greater popular favourite:—

> I met Mr. Augustus Sala this morning, and he was more rubicund than usual. In the sweetest of voices (for Sala has a sweet voice) he said, in reply to polite interrogatories that I addressed to him, "I am tired out. I am afraid I made a bad bargain. They think I can do everything, and they know that I get a bad attack of bronchitis every autumn, so they propose to me that I shall do the whole paper whilst everybody else goes for his holiday; and every 'man-jack' of them is off, and the only fellow left at home is the printers' devil, who torments my very soul out of me. I shall go to Nice in November and have a delicious revenge. I shouldn't care much about it, but that it is slightly injurious to my complexion. Nature, not entirely unassisted by art, has given me a red nose, and this hard, fagging work brings out the colour intolerably." In Printing-house-square they do things differently. Every man gets his holiday in his turn; but it is the full condition of his "leave" that he shall do no work whilst he is away; he gets his cheque for the time he is to be absent before he starts. It is handed to him in the most delicate manner, and he is not expected to work it out. The *Times* may have its faults, but its managers have a wondrous faculty of treating its writers as gentlemen.

Another correspondent, whose remarks are too long to quote, relates particulars of a forthcoming action to be instituted by Mr. Sala against Mr. Hotten, the publisher, for reprinting one of Bret Harte's American "Condensed Novels," in which Mr. Sala is spoken of with great freedom of unpleasant personality. Bret Harte, it is said, recommends Mr. Hotten in his defence to adopt the following course:—

> Mr. Hotten will go into court with a copy of the "Condensed Novels" under one arm and a copy of Belle Boyd's "Camp and Prison" under the other, and by comparing the burlesque preface with the original he will make it plain to the blindness of Justice that there is nothing in the "Condensed Novels" half so severe on Mr. Sala as his own introduction to Mrs. Hardinge's ridiculous book.

Another London correspondent, who is, apparently, not what is known on the London dailies as a "special," thus speaks of the descriptive articles which occupy so much space in the London morning journals:—

> For a long time the big-type men—writers of the Sala, Parkinson, Clement Scott, Godfrey Turner, and Wood's school—have had far too much space accorded them. One sickens of their laboured fun. The demand for such "picturesque" rubbish as theirs has ruined many a clever writer. Dickens could not have stood it for long. Fancy Ruskin condemned to grind out column after column of the peculiar kind of "copy" that gladdens the hearts and helps to fill the pockets of the Israelites of Fleet-street. I have it on unquestionable authority that one of the best writers of the day was offered "splendid terms" by the journal that boasts "the largest circulation in the world." It was a tempting offer, but he had the calm, good sense to decline. Good men, skilful essayists, *do* accept such offers, however, merge their fine individuality in a popular newspaper, "spin" to order, die, and are forgotten; for who cares to read the newspaper of the day before yesterday?

VOLUME I.

A correspondent of the *Warrington Guardian*, in describing a visit to Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, gives the following summary of a passage in the popular preacher's sermon:—

> The text was in the 104th Psalm—"The cedars of Lebanon," &c. He expressed his distaste of all who overlooked the Book of Nature. The Book of Grace was vol. ii., but while the better of the two, he loved vol. i., and had no sympathy with those who ran down the teachings of Nature. If a man loved you, he would love your works. The burden of the sermon was that God had His living creatures everywhere praising Him, and man was properly the mouthpiece. Down in the deep seas, up on the high mountains, hid in the tall firs; everywhere they were, and known to God. Every creature was made for its own mode of life. The conies would be out of place up the fir trees, and the storks equally as much among the holes of the rabbits of the rocks. Each kind was satisfied with the provision made for it, and each kind as a matter of course took possession of the fir trees, the rocks, &c. The stork told Mrs. Stork that here was the fir tree suited for their projected nest, and no doubt was made about it being intended for them. Many beautiful, pithy, and original lessons and hints were drawn from the habits and habitation of birds and animals named, his hearers being urged to contentment with the evident work God had given them to do, and the exercise of full faith that all the provision in God's house was for them.

COUNTRY LIFE.

HOPE FOR THE FARM LABOURER.

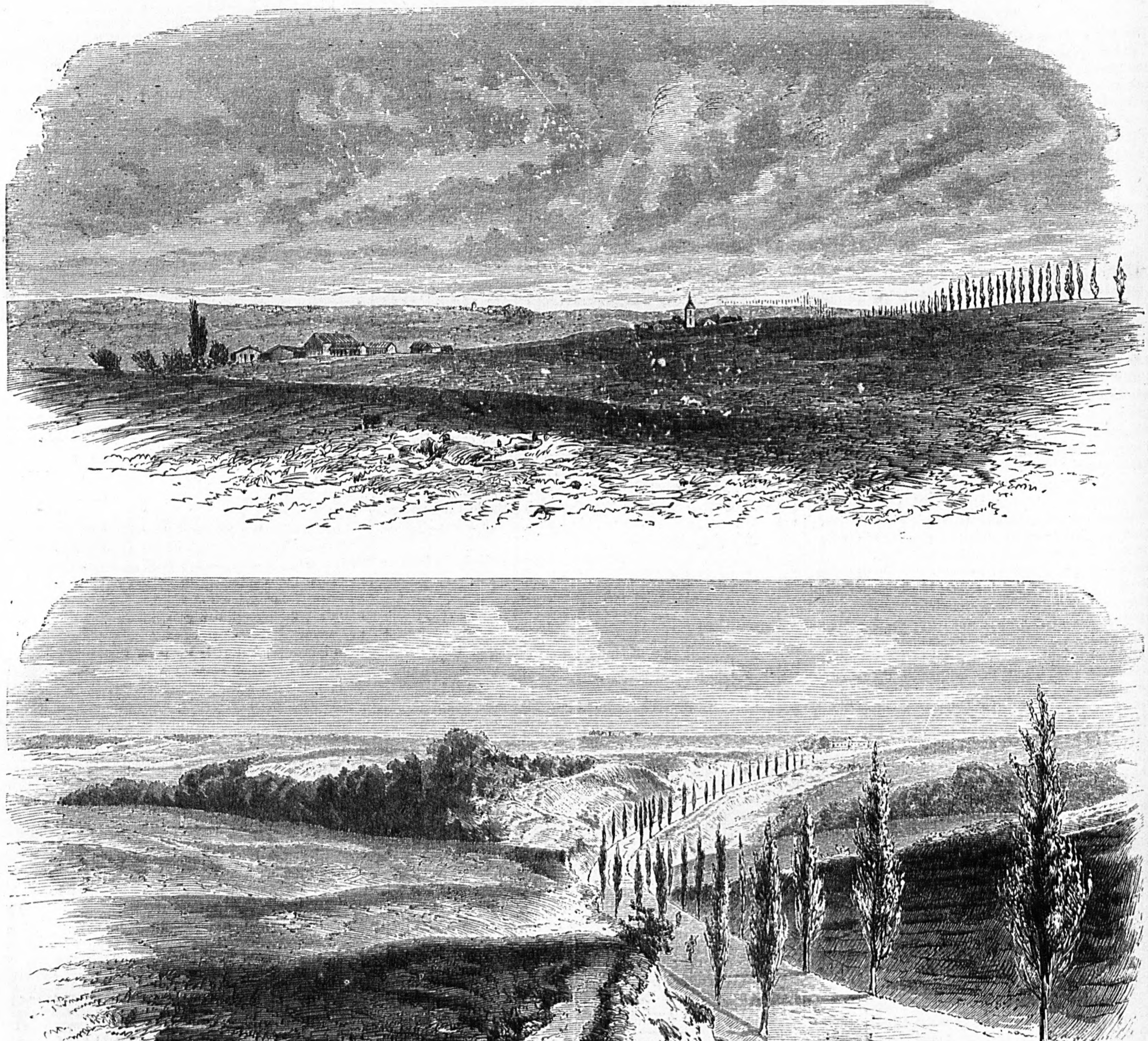
IT has often been remarked that one of the worst features in the life of the agricultural labourer is the absence of the element of hope. Take his position for all in all, the ploughman gets, we think, as much of the necessaries and comforts of existence (little as it is) as the town labourer; but he is worse off than his fellow-countryman of any other class in his chances of promotion in life. It is, under ordinary circumstances, hardly possible for a farm labourer, by any amount of effort or merit, to rise in the course of years into a better position than that in which he is born. We are very pleased to notice, in the centre of an agricultural county in the East of England, an incident offering the promise of a better state of things in this respect for the country labourer. The place is Eye Park, in Suffolk. The occasion is the Harvest Home. The speaker is Sir Edward Kerrison, the principal landlord of the district, once M.P. for East Suffolk, and about six years ago President of the Royal Agricultural Society. These are the hon. Baronet's words addressed to the labourers on the estate, and to their wives and families:—

> I feel that the position of a landowner in England is not merely a commercial one, and ought not to be regarded from entirely a commercial point of view, or that he ought to try how he can make the most out of the land, but I want the largest number of people possible to live upon it. That is not done by allowing occupations to grow into large ones of 200 or 300 acres each. But I say more, I intend to keep smaller farms in order to enable the labourer to creep up to competence. I do not intend to do it because it pays me, but in order to enable the labourer to flourish by his intelligence. I intend to add forty more allotments to the 200 or 300 you now have in the different parishes, and I mean to have a few acres in the different parishes for those men who, after long servitude, do not wish to look forward to being supported by the rates of others. Yes, my friends, there is a pole which you are going to try to climb up to-day—I have had less oil put on it this year, so that you may get up easier—so in the same way I am doing what I can to make your way up in life easier. I want you to rise, and my endeavour and the endeavour of Lady Caroline will be to try to promote the independence of the people around us, and our pleasures will be to see them rise day by day.

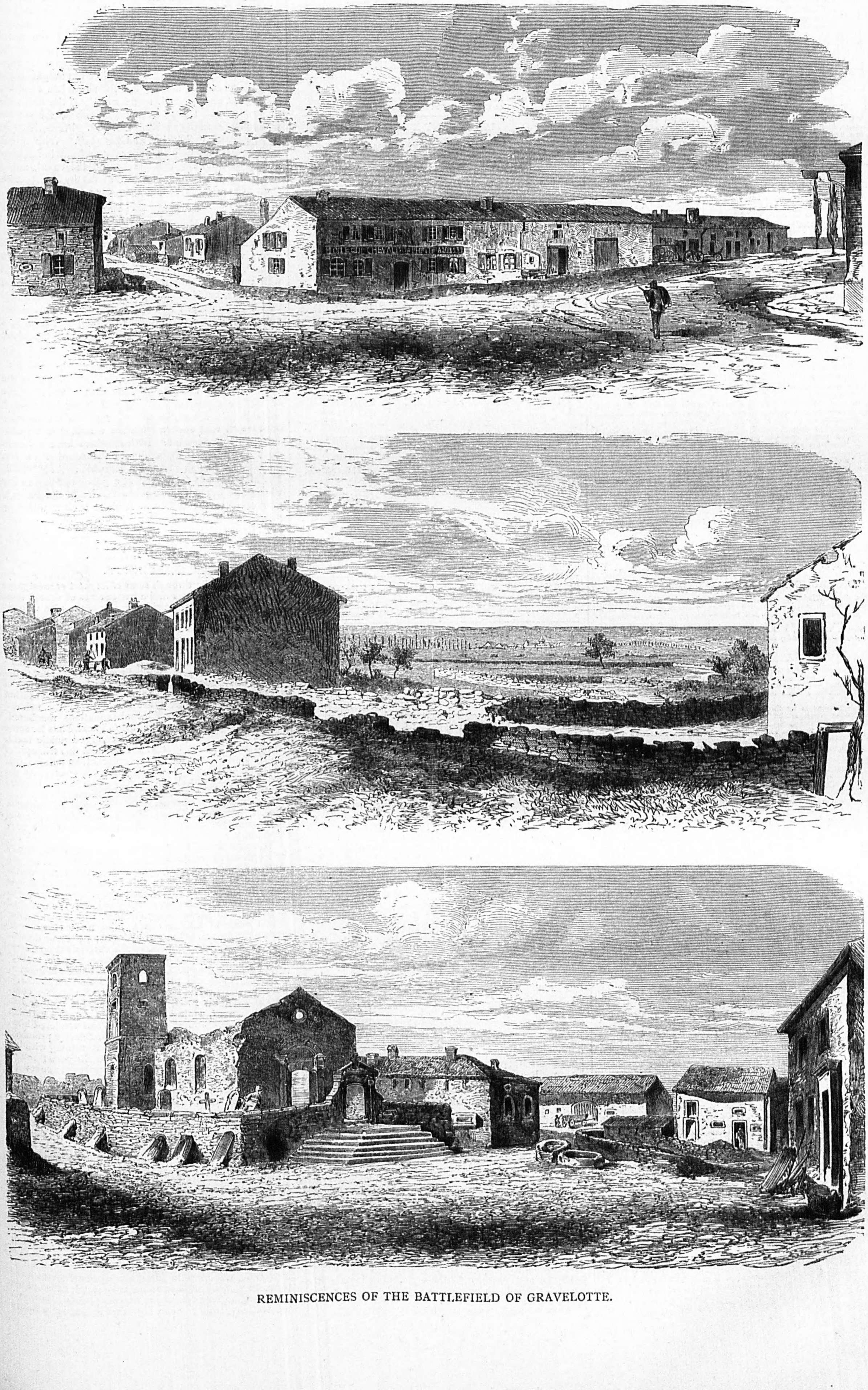
Who knows but that this may be the direction in which English agriculture will move in order that the condition and prospects of the farm labourer may be improved? We are, perhaps, carrying the large farm system too far. There has been a strong tendency for many years on the part of the poorer inhabitants of the rural districts to emigrate to the towns; but country life has great attractions for the poor as well as the rich, and if our young ploughmen saw the chance before them of becoming small farmers in after life as the reward of perseverance, integrity, and intelligence, we think town labour would lose a great deal of its attraction in their eyes.

Before we leave this notable Harvest Home we are tempted to place on record the fact that, to enhance the enjoyment of the young people, "Sir Edward had engaged a velocipede circus this year, and also a Punch and Judy show. The latter drama was splendidly mounted. The dresses were new and good, the scenery spick and span new painted, and the performance was, on the whole, above the mark." The baronet of Oakley Park evidently has faith in amusements of a similar character to those which for ages have delighted the rustics at village fairs.

"I have one more word to say, before I close, of the Pain Killer—a most valuable medicine. I have travelled a good deal since I have been in Kansas, and never without taking a supply of it with me. I used it freely in my practice for cholera in 1849 and in 1855, and with better success than any other medicine.
"A. HUNTING, M.D.,
"*Manhattan, Kan.*, *April*, 1866.—To Perry Davis & Son."



REMINISCENCES OF THE BATTLEFIELDS OF VIONVILLE AND GRAVELOTTE.



REMINISCENCES OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF GRAVELOTTE.

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

SMALPAGE AND SON,
43, MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON.
NEW YORK: 82, FIFTH AVENUE. [425

FOR PICTURE FRAMES, PICTURE FRAMING, MOULDINGS, &c.—EMDIN'S. [See advt. last page.] [451

CARPETS AND CARPET BEATING.

MESSRS. TYLER & SON, 1, Long Acre, W.C., Contractors to Her Majesty's Government for the supply of Carpets, Linoleum, Kamptulicon, and all descriptions of floor coverings to the Royal Palaces and Public Buildings. Carpets taken up, beaten, and relaid. Lowest Cash prices. [444

THOMPSON'S KALYDOR SOAP

CONTAINS a large per-centage of GLYCERINE, in combination with other ingredients of the most emollient kind.

FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION

This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.

FACTORY: 12, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON.
Wholesale and for Exportation. [436

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WEST OF ENGLAND ARRANGEMENTS.

TOURISTS' TICKETS,

Available for a month, renewable on payment of a small percentage,
Are issued to all the principal towns and places of interest in the West of England, including

EXETER
DAWLISH
TEIGNMOUTH
TORQUAY
DARTMOUTH
PLYMOUTH
TRURO
FALMOUTH
PENRYN, and
PENZANCE

These tickets are available by all trains, express and ordinary, except the limited mail.

Passengers may break their journey at certain specified places, and every arrangement is made to conduce to their comfort and convenience on the journey.

Carriages run through from Paddington to Penzance by certain trains, and places may be secured therein by giving a few hours' previous notice to the Superintendent at Paddington or the undersigned.

Holders of Tourists' Tickets may travel by the 11.45 a.m. Express Train from Paddington, which reaches Exeter in *four hours and a quarter*, and Plymouth in *six hours and a quarter*, without change of carriage.

Passengers for places beyond Plymouth by the 9.15 a.m. train have time allowed for dinner at Plymouth.

Time books, giving the times of the trains, the fares, and all necessary information, and Tourist programmes, may be obtained on application, free of charge.

Excursion Trains, at low fares, are run at frequent intervals.

J. GRIERSON,
General Manager.
Paddington Station. [449

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

EXCURSIONS TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

On SATURDAYS, SEPTEMBER 23rd and 30th, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 7.40, Hammersmith 7.10, Kensington (Addison Road) 7.25, and Reading 8.45 a.m., for Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, Bridgwater, Taunton, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, Falmouth, Penzance, and other intermediate Stations, returning on Monday week or Monday fortnight following date of departure.

EXCURSIONS TO THE SEASIDE.

On the same days Excursion Trains will leave Paddington at 1.5, Hammersmith 12.35, Kensington (Addison Road) 12.25, Uxbridge Road 12.28, and Reading 2.20 p.m., for Trowbridge, Wells, Yeovil, Dorchester, and Weymouth, returning on the following Monday week or Monday fortnight.

N.B.—Passengers by these Trains may proceed from Weymouth to Guernsey or Jersey, at Single Fares for the double journey.

For Fares and full particulars see Handbills, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and Offices, or at Cook's Excursion Offices, 98, Fleet Street.

Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [467

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

On SATURDAYS, Sept. 23rd and 30th, Excursion Trains will leave Paddington at 7.40 and Reading 8.45 a.m., for Portishead, Ilfracombe, and Lynmouth (viâ Bristol and Portishead).

For Fares and full particulars see Handbills.

Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [479

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

On SATURDAY, Sept. 23rd, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 1.5, Hammersmith 12.35, Kensington (Addison Road) 12.25, and Uxbridge Road 12.28 p.m., for Newbury, Hungerford, Marlborough, and Devizes; returning on Monday week or Monday fortnight following date of departure.

On the same day a Cheap Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 3.35, and Reading 4.45 p.m., for Chippenham, Bath, and Bristol, returning on the following Tuesday.

Also on the same day, the Last Excursion of the Season will leave Paddington at 8.35, and Reading 10.10 a.m., for Cirencester, Stroud, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, Swansea, Carmarthen Junction, New Milford, Tenby, Waterford, Limerick, and other stations in the South of Ireland, returning from South Wales on Saturday, September 30th, and from Ireland any day up to Saturday, October 7th inclusive.

For Fares and Full Particulars see Handbills.

Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager. [482

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

On SUNDAY, Sept. 24th, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 8.40 a.m., for Twyford, Henley, Reading, Theale, Aldermaston, Woolhampton, Thatcham, Newbury, Kintbury, and Hungerford, returning the same day.

For Fares and Full Particulars see Handbills.

Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

On SATURDAY, Sept. 30th, an Excursion Train will leave Paddington at 10.10, Victoria 9.48, Battersea 9.58, Chelsea 10.1, West Brompton 10.5, Kensington (Addison Road) 10.9, Uxbridge Road 10.11, and Reading 11.40 a.m., for Leamington, Warwick, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Hereford, Crewe, Stockport, Manchester, Shrewsbury, Welshpool, Aberystwith, Llangollen, Dolgelly, Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, and other Stations; returning on the following Monday or Thursday.

For Fares and Full Particulars see Handbills.

Paddington Station. J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE.

The only Hotel at this delightful watering-place that commands an uninterrupted view of the sea, making up 70 beds.

Table d'Hôte at Seven.

H. BLACKWELL, Proprietor. [462

FALMOUTH HOTEL, close to the Railway Station and Pendennis Castle, the most beautifully situated hotel in Cornwall, and replete with every comfort.

MRS. BARRATT, Manager,
(Late of the Westminster Palace Hotel). [460

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TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—On VIEW, a magnificent marriage group of H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE, the attire being an exact facsimile of that worn in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Open (during the holidays) from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Passengers by Metropolitan Railway stop at Baker Street Station. [470

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to their IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.

The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

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James F. Hutton and Co., The Temple, Dale Street, Liverpool.
Walter Gow, 39, Spring Gardens, Manchester.
Ernest Goudchaux, 60, Boulevard de Sebastopol, Paris. [377

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Imparts Strength to the Wrist and Forearm.

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Will prevent Cramp in the Fingers.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Imparts Firmness to the Wrist.

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THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Keeps the Wrist and Hand firm.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Will prevent the Hand and Fingers from shaking.

THE VOLTA-ELECTRIC PENHOLDER
Will keep your Hand and Wrist strong and firm.

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Steadies the Fingers and Hand.

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Only 1s. 6d. each box, with 1 doz. Pens.

ISAAC JACOBS, Sole Inventor and Patentee,
153, Fleet Street,
LONDON, E.C. [435

NOTICE.

INDEX AND TITLE PAGE.

We cannot issue the above until the next number.

In answer to several correspondents, we beg to say that the few numbers of the "Midland News" between the last volume of that series and the new should be bound separately. If our subscribers think it worth while we will issue a small index for the purpose.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 23, 1871.

ALL the correspondents of the morning papers are harmonious in their admiration of the splendid appearance of the troops engaged in taking their first Prussian lesson. For appearance and sternness of purpose the 82nd Highlanders seem to have carried off the palm. The military correspondent of the *Times* has an interesting and special reference to them :—

> A report goes about that the enemy's guns have been playing on our cavalry camp since an early hour. These Highlanders fired with a marvellous air of earnestness. I saw them with their faces heated, their teeth set, and murder in their eye, and one of them was cruel enough to take a most cold-blooded shot at my breast at ten paces. "Are you not dead yet?" said one of them to an officer he had shot seven times; and no one without seeing them would believe how merely playing at war gets their blood up. They are fine, strong fellows, and when Colonel Hamley ordered them back to their battalion it was a sight to see them scuttling across the open like rabbits, their rifles at the trail, and their kilts and bonnets blowing in the wind.

This soldierly fierceness is a tribute to the discipline and practical value of the manœuvres; but correspondents and officers should try and stimulate the notion of thoroughness of purpose by keeping out of range.

THE earnestness of some of the "manœuvres" round about Chobham afford some amusing incidents. The *Times* correspondent's descriptions of Tuesday are peculiarly interesting. We hope some of the notes relative to the movements in the earlier part of the previous day will be considered by the umpires in view of future campaigns. Shortly before eight Stephenson's Brigade and some artillery left the now fallen camp on Pirbright Common, and, marching along the half mile of sandy road towards the embankment, formed up behind it, discreetly avoiding the arch. Presently down trotted General Staveley and his staff. With great indiscretion they rode in under the archway in full view of the watchful Highlanders beyond the canal, not a hundred yards off. In an instant twenty barrels with twenty fierce faces behind them were lifted and fired; and if ever a man was killed in theory, General Staveley is he. But he is not the only one, for that archway seemed to have some strange fascination about it. The Generals could not keep out of it, and MacMahon and others were riddled with bullets. As for the Staff officers, the hollow way must have been heaped with them; the umpires do not take cognizance of individuals, but if they did, the 3rd Division would now be without so much as an aide-de-camp. This ought not to have been permitted by the umpires, though it must be said for these gentlemen that their duties are of the most arduous and difficult character.

IT is evident that "Irish patriots" are preparing the way for a new campaign. This time "Repeal of the Union" is to be the cry. Would it not save much valuable time if the Premier were to tell the fanatics once for all that such a question cannot even be considered by Parliament? Irish members have no more right to bring such a question forward than Mr. MUNDELLA has to propose a Republic. At Sheffield, Mr. MUNDELLA has refused at a public meeting to say whether he would oppose the accession of the PRINCE of WALES to the throne. Is there such a thing as "treason" in these days?

THE DRAMA.

FANCHETTE.

WHEN the public through some of its most earnest pens has demanded a purer and a better class of drama than that which has so long held the stage, the man who responds to the call is entitled to a generous encouragement. It is with this feeling that we call especial attention to the Lyceum Theatre. Mr. H. L. Bateman has faith in the reaction which the letters in the *Echo*, the articles in *The Gentleman's*, *The Dark Blue*, and other publications have proclaimed. We believe he is right; not to believe it would be to regard the stage as lost in a slough of filth and licentiousness. As surely as the mere sensation novel is dead, so surely are the days of the modern burlesque and the attendant abominations numbered. The success of the Prince of Wales's Theatre has for some time been a healthy example of enlarged public taste. We hope and trust that at the Lyceum this triumph of an educating art of the highest order will be followed up. Mr. Bateman has given to the public the comforts of the best American and French theatres with the intellectual entertainment of a pure and legitimate play.

The story of "Fanchette" is not new in its main details, but the treatment of it at the Lyceum is novel here and there; and the Bateman version will bear repeating.

The first scene opens with the anxieties of the family of *Father Barbeau*, a wealthy proprietor, about his son *Sylvinet*, who has disappeared from the farm, and is nowhere to be found. In this dilemma they resolve to apply to *Old Fadet*, a supposed witch, who professes to cure diseases and discover missing articles. We next find ourselves with the missing *Sylvinet*, who is meditating which mode of suicide can be the most effective to secure the despair of the girl he loves; poison or drowning. After serious deliberation, he determines on water, and rushes to the river side, as he says, "to die, to die." In the following scene *Landry* repairs to the old woman, who tauntingly tells him that he will find his brother's body in the river. Her grandchild, *Fanchette*, compassionating his grief, tells him where his brother has hidden himself, while she reproaches *Landry* with his ingratitude for former services she had rendered him. Feeling the justice of her complaints, *Landry* promises to grant any request she may make. Returning with his brother, they remark her wild antics as she goes through a sort of shadow dance, and, associating her conduct with the bad repute of the old grandmother, they think of her with horror and aversion as something in league with the Evil One. *Landry's* shame and mortification when she comes decked out in cast-off finery, and claims his hand as her partner for the festival of St. Andoche, on the following day, knows no bounds; but when the peasants taunt and assail the defenceless girl, his better nature induces him to be her defender, though his dancing with *Fanchette* has lost him the favour of *Madelon*, the beauty of La Preche, for whom he had an attachment. *Fanchette*, recognising the generosity which has prompted him to be her champion, despite the humiliation she has caused him, and filled with remorse for what she has done, returns to her home, after she has shown the peasants that a little locket she wears round her neck contains, instead of a charm to bewitch them, a prayer to the Madonna, given her as a protection from evil. We now see *Landry* in pursuit of *Fanchette*, who, with the speed of a lapwing, eludes him; his brother, *Sylvinet*, follows him to know the cause of his departure, and here occurs an amusing mistake between the brothers, which causes *Sylvinet* to resolve in future to dance with girls of more discrimination and taste in matters of personal appearance than the beauty of La Preche. Encountering her grandmother at home, *Fanchette* reproaches her with the misery her avarice has caused, and demands to be no longer dressed in rags, but in plain, coarse clothes. In the anguish of heart which the events of the day have awakened, she casts the finery she had collected from the musty wardrobe of her grandmother into the river. While *Fanchette* is pouring out her grief and rage over the events of the day, *Landry* passes the door on his return to the village, and, pitying the poor desolate child, he pauses to comfort her, and listens to the story of her hapless youth. From the friend and adviser he gradually attains a more tender position, and finds himself eagerly claiming the kiss to which he is entitled as her partner in the village fête. This she denies him, although much against his will; and he only desists from soliciting it when the sounds of voices convince him that if he remains he will be taunted as the lover of the *Will o' the Wisp*. The next day he overhears a conversation between *Fanchette* and *Madelon*, in which the former seeks to reconcile the latter to her lover. Struck by the generous fidelity of the poor despised granddaughter of a reputed witch, and by the neatness and good taste with which she is dressed, he replies to *Madelon's* sharp words with a sharper rejoinder, and concludes by asking *Fanchette* to be his wife. The wrath and fury of his father, to whom he declares his intention, know no bounds. *Fanchette* rejects *Landry* on the plea that she would marry no one whose family objected to her. *Father Barbeau*, thinking that if she would leave the neighbourhood his son will not remain attached to her, repairs to the cottage of the grandmother; but "the witch," filled with vindictive feelings on account of injuries inflicted in the past, refuses to listen to his proposals to give her a large sum to send her grandchild away. *Fanchette*, however, without knowing anything of these offers, persuades her to let her go, in order that she may test the sincerity of *Landry's* attachment. *Landry* strives vainly to persuade *Fanchette* to remain, and at their parting she gives him a token, which she promises to claim in a year from that day. The last scene opens after this interval is supposed to have elapsed, and although *Father Barbeau* has heard the best accounts of *Fanchette* in her city home, he is more opposed to the marriage than ever. She comes to ask him to act as her grandmother's executor, and gradually winning his esteem and regard by her arch simplicity and sterling worth, he is about to tell her that he will gladly claim her as a daughter, when *Landry* enters and demands the interview she has promised him. She tells him that she has learned to love during her absence, describing how this passion had its rise in childhood, how it was affection that prompted the wayward tricks by which she strove to gain his attention, and, throwing herself into his arms, she promises to be a tender, loving wife. *Father Barbeau* claims her hand for his son in due form, and announces that the *Will o' the Wisp* is a wealthy heiress, her grandmother having left her 30,000 francs.

As the elfish but human fairy in the earlier scenes of the play Miss Isabel Bateman is not more artistic and successful than she is in the later passages, when she turns her persecutor into a willing guardian, and wins his consent to her union with his son. There is something of the charm of "Undine" and the pathos of the "Scarlet Letter" story of Hawthorne in the original narrative of George Sand, which Miss Isabel Bateman has caught with the inspiration of a born genius. Nothing could have been more sweet and sympathetic, nothing more natural and innocent, than what we may call her first love scene. It presented quite a psycological contrast to the wild, uncultured elfishness which characterises *Fanchette's* first communication with the family into which she eventually marries. The charm of this young lady's acting is her perfect naturalness. She has the best qualities of our best actresses, with an entire absence of the stageyness which often afflicts young performers as much as those of experience. Miss Isabel Bateman is destined to win her way to the hearts of the British public, more gradually, but none the less surely than her elder sister. She has come out in a different line. "Leah" is a magnificent oil-painting, full of great shadows and powerful lights; "Fanchette" a beautiful water-colour drawing, touched in with tender bits of sky and water and soft picturesque shadows and reflections. There is a little division among the critics about the cast of the piece. This shows a healthy sign of interest. Mr. Irving has already improved. A true artist, he already shows a higher appreciation of the varied lights and shadows of his part than at first. Mr. Belmore brings down the house in the scene where his surprise at *Fanchette's* witchery over his father is told in an excellent bit of facial acting. Miss Pauncefort's witch is a study of rare excellence. Mr. Addison, as the bigoted and selfish father, is entitled to the highest praise, as is also Mrs. Egan, who plays his wife. An interesting drama, exquisitely mounted and well acted, "Fanchette" deserves a long and successful run.

ROYALTY.—The Royalty has opened with "Chilpéric," the composer, M. Hervé, appearing as the amorous King of the Gauls. The scenery and dresses are bright and appropriate, and good houses give further evidence (if any were wanted after the success at the Gaiety and Lyceum) of the popularity of opera bouffe. The manager, Mr. Mallandaine, directs the orchestra. The principal attraction in the opera is Miss Augusta Thomson, who throughout acts with care and vivacity.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—Miss Marie Wilton and her talented company are hard at work again in the theatrical world. At this pretty little theatre there is an atmosphere of comfort and luxury, with all the ease and elegance of a drawing-room. The season here has opened with "Caste," probably the most complete and meritorious of the late Mr. Robertson's comedies.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MARIE MONBELLI.

MARIE MONBELLI, though little known in this country, is a great favourite at Paris, where she is continually appearing at the fashionable concerts. Marie Monbelli, who is now making a tour through Germany, was born at Cadiz in 1847. Her father, in the capacity of *agent de change*, removed to Paris in 1850, and settled down near the residence of Rossini. The eminent composer, with whom the father was on terms of intimacy, discovered an extraordinary aptitude for music in the little Marie. Rossini sounded his friend Monbelli on this matter, and the father resolved to give his daughter a musical education. She progressed rapidly, adopted music as a profession, and has now gained a high place among the most renowned of musical celebrities.

REMINISCENCES OF VIONVILLE AND GRAVELOTTE.

Our six illustrations are sketches of the country about Vionville and Gravelotte, where two of the deadliest battles on record were fought. The engagement at Vionville took place on the 16th of September, and that of Gravelotte two days afterwards. At these two battles more than 20,000 men were killed. In our first illustration to the left of the dead horse in the foreground, is the village of Flavigny, and to the right is Vionville. In our second picture the road lined with trees is the highway between Gravelotte and Metz, along which the Germans passed to surround the latter place. To the left is the Moscow estate, and to the right the estate of St. Hubert. In our third sketch is Malmaison Farm, near Gravelotte, the standpoint of the Emperor William during the battle. The fourth illustration shows a part of the village of Gravelotte, with the Hôtel du Cheval d'Or in the foreground. The fifth illustration is a sketch taken at St. Privot, and the sixth represents the church of St. Privot.

THE FRENCH LOAN.

France is an enormously rich country. When the New Five per Cent. Loan was raised in June the number of applicants at the mairies and the various establishments at which subscriptions were received was so numerous that lots had to be drawn for the chance of subscribing. Five times the amount of the loan could have been easily subscribed. The Association of Brokers alone subscribed more than the amount. The *Official Journal* of June 24 published the conditions of the loan as follows:—"The issue price will be 82f. 50c., with interest from the 1st of July next. The net price, reckoning the period of the instalments and the interest allowed on prepayment, is 79f. 27c. The interest will be payable by quarterly coupons on the 16th of February, 16th of May, 16th of August, and 16th November. The subscription will be opened on the 27th inst., and will be closed on the 30th inst., unless the amount should be previously covered. The *Official Journal* will announce to the public the closing of the subscriptions. Only the subscriptions received on the last day will be subject to reduction. No subscription will be accepted for less than 5f. Rente (100 f. stock). Amounts above 5f. Rente must be 10f., or multiples of 5f. A deposit of 12f. will be payable on subscribing, and the balance in sixteen monthly instalments, extending from the 21st August, 1871, until the 21st November, 1872. The option of prepayment will only be allowed at the time of subscribing in respect of the full amount of the instalments. The discount on prepayment will be at the rate of 6 per cent. from the 30th June."

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

We this week make another addition to our illustrations of the International Exhibition. It represents the division for porcelain manufactures, one of the most interesting parts of the Exhibition.

FLOWER SELLERS.

The young flower sellers are bewildered with this grand room. They seem afraid to move, and hold hands for assurance, waiting with bated breath to know if the flowers will be purchased. There is hope in the sister's face, but her little brother does not seem so certain of success. His fear and interest combined have made him forgetful of manners: he has got his hand in his pocket, and has not taken off his cap.

AN OLD HOUSE IN NUREMBURG.

Nuremburg had once a population of 70,000 inhabitants, and was the greatest and wealthiest of Imperial cities, the residence of Emperors, the seat of Diets, the focus of the trade of Asia and Europe, the most important manufacturing town in Germany, the home of German freedom and art, the cradle of the fine arts, of poetry, and of almost numberless useful inventions. It has degenerated from the seventeenth to the beginning of the nineteenth century into a dull provincial town. It is a place full of the remnants of greatness, and abounding with grand old houses such as depicted in our engraving. Forsaken by its ancient commerce, it might be compared to one of the galleons of its own merchants of former days, abandoned by the receding tide. The manufactures, once so universally known and prized in all parts of the world were reduced to dribble in lead pencils, pill boxes, and children's toys. It has, however, of late years experienced a considerable revival of prosperity; and in spite of all its change of fortune and condition as a city it remains most unaltered, retaining probably more than any other in Europe the aspect of times long gone by. It is surrounded by feudal walls and turrets (of which, in former days, it possessed 365), faced and strengthened in more recent times, when the influence of gunpowder began to be felt, by ramparts and incipient bastions, resembling the early Italian mode of modern fortification. These again are enclosed by a ditch 100 feet wide and 50 deep, lined throughout with masonry. Its four principal arched gates are flanked by massive cylindrical watch towers, no longer of use as fortifications, but picturesque in a high degree, and serving to complete the coronet of antique towers which encircles the city, as seen from a distance. The traveller arrived within its walls, might fancy himself carried back to a distant century, as he threads its irregular streets, and examines its quaint gable-faced houses. An ancient author (Æneas Sylvius) speaking of the splendours of Nuremburg, declares that a simple citizen was better lodged than the King of Scotland. In its ancient and palmy state, when the sect of art and a far more extensive commerce than at present, it was termed the Gothic Athens; it may now be regarded as a sort of Pompeii of the middle ages.

IN THE RAIN.

I SIT alone at my window-pane,
And watch the drops of the falling rain.

And my soul grows sad with each weary dash
That strikes and patters against the sash.

For something comes to my heart once more—
A shadowy dream of the days of yore.

And I listen and hear it again, again—
A life-tale told with the voice of rain.

* * * * *

A shower at close of a Summer day,
When fields were sweet with the scent of hay—

A rush and rustle o'er thatch and eaves,
A twitter of birds under sheltering leaves—

And *two* that stood by the old barn-door,
'Mid golden grain on the threshing-floor,

Watching the furious storm-rack fly,
Till sunset burst through the western sky,

And lit up something—ah, glad and plain—
Love's rainbow arch, through the falling rain.

* * * * *

The cold dark Sea has no tinge of light,
Save the changing gleam of the foam-caps white.

The sands are wet, and the bare rocks show
A glistening black by the lightning's glow.

And one boat, weary with wind and tide,
Is wrestling, alone, since the daylight died.

No strength, save the might of a feeble oar,
No guide, save the gleam of a treacherous shore—

No voice, save the moan of the rushing wave,
No eye to pity—no hand to save—

No heart to thrill with an answering pain—
No help—no hope—in the driving rain.

* * * * *

Two grey stones stand where the fields are green,
And a low grave stretches its length between.

And its shadow flits o'er the greensward floor,
And speeds away to the old barn-door.

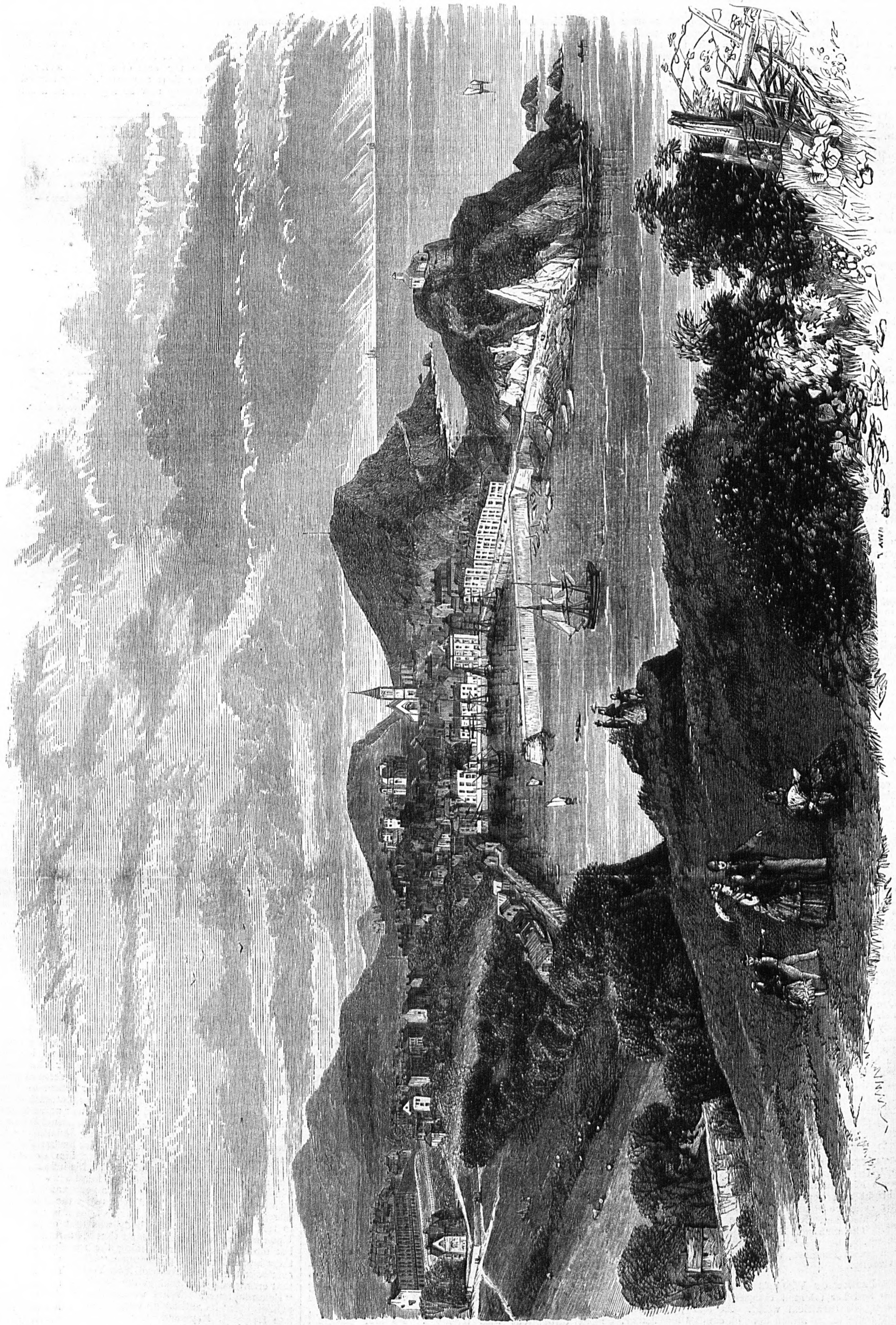
And there in the Summer the sunlight plays,
And white snow winds it in Wintry days.

And it hears the song that the sweet winds make,
And the murderous sound of the Ocean's break.

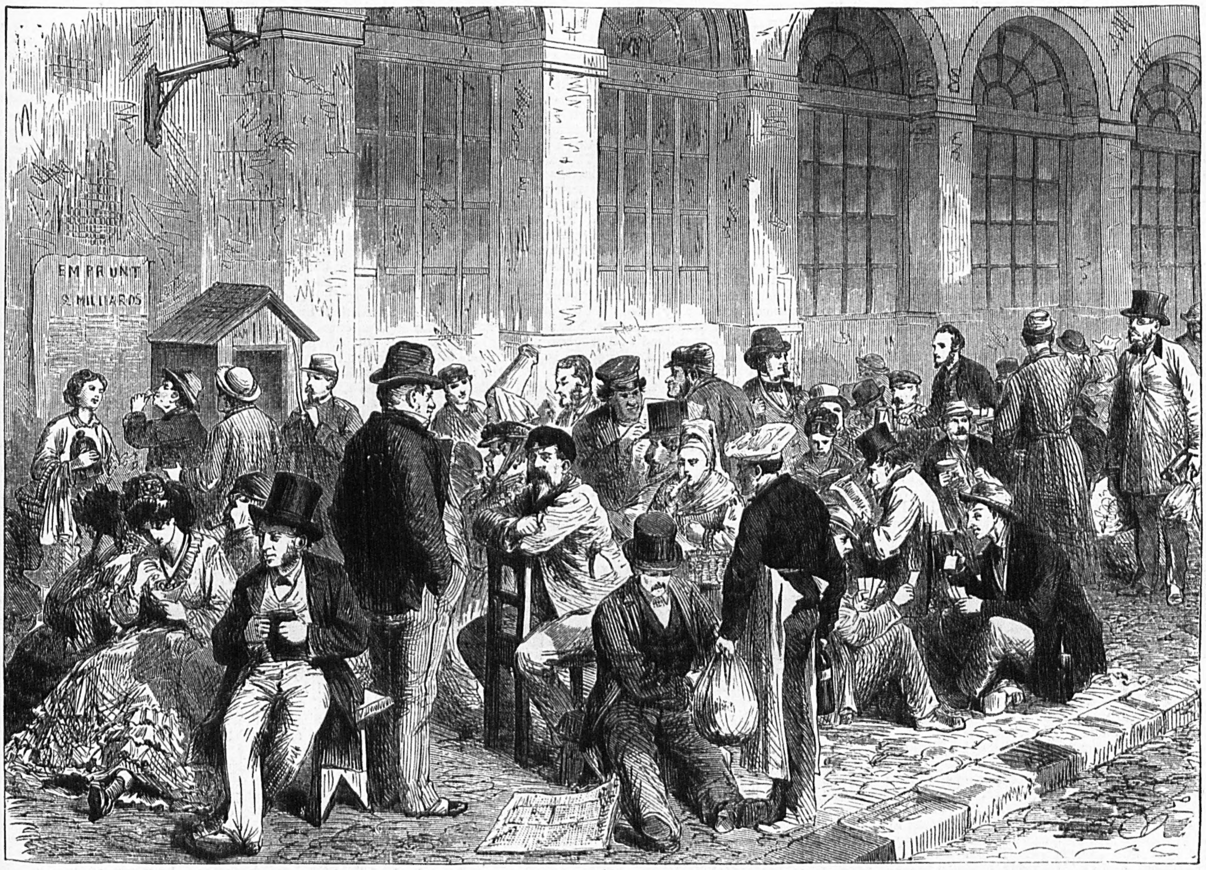
And in it is sleeping—Oh, weary pain—
Why does it haunt me again, again,
For ever and aye, in the dreary rain!

THE AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

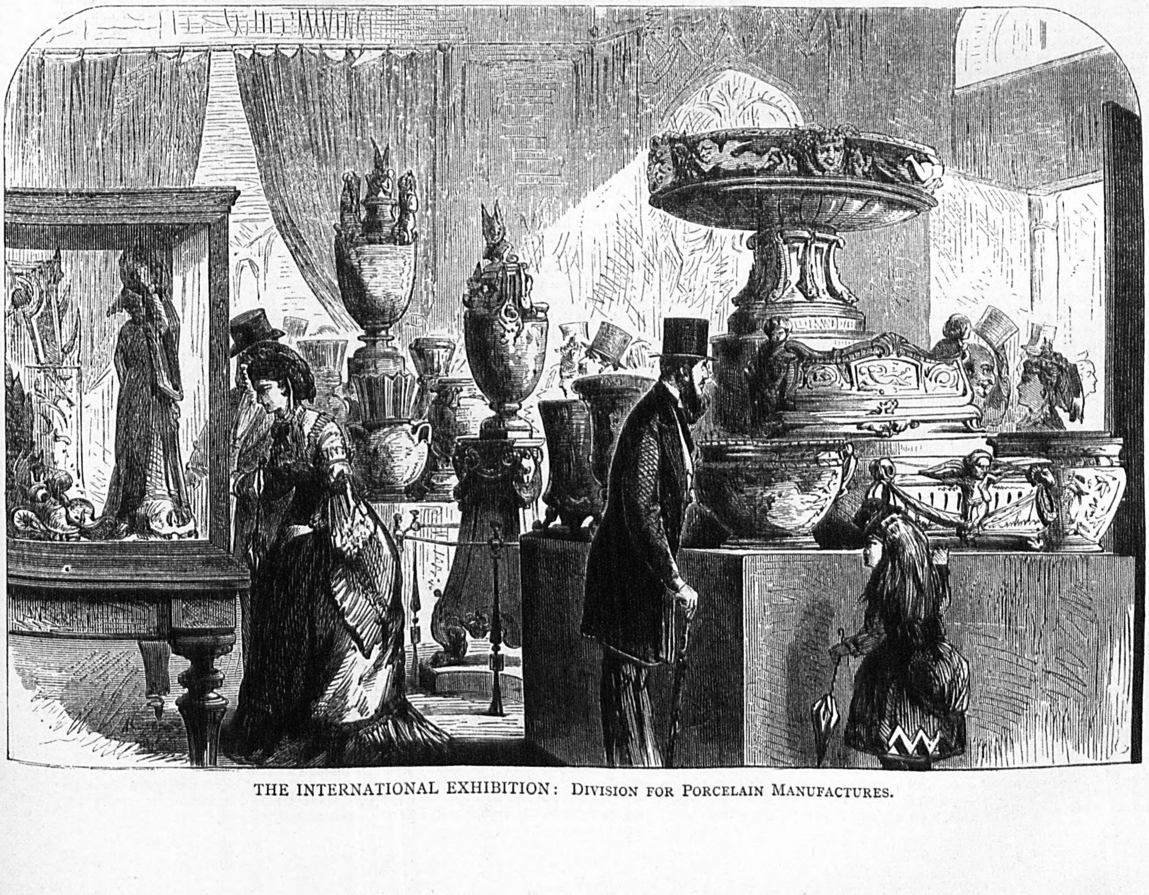
THE *Bristol Mirror* gives the following touching and extraordinary story:—A few years ago there appeared in an American paper, published in one of the Western States, an exquisite poem, entitled "Beautiful Snow." The beauty of the composition secured its republication in many journals, and at length it found its way to England, accompanied with the tale that the original had been discovered upon the person of a young woman who was frozen to death in the streets of St. Louis. For a long time the writer preserved his *incognito*, while numerous claimants sought to establish their rights to its authorship. Some who knew the true history of the poem knew also the cause of its author's reticence in giving his name to the world. Some months since the secret was revealed, and Major Sigourney, nephew of the celebrated poetess of that name, became known as the writer. The April number of *Harper's Magazine* contains a companion poem, entitled "Beautiful Child," which is marked by all the elegance of diction and deep religious feeling characteristic of its predecessor. Who could have thought that in a few weeks its gifted author would fill a suicide's grave? Yet such is the case. We learn from an American contemporary that on the night of April 22, Major W. A. H. Sigourney was found dead in the outskirts of New York, under circumstances leading to the belief that he had shot himself. He had in early life married a Miss Filmore, a lady of great personal attractions, and with her made a voyage to Europe. During their absence rumours unfavourable to her character reached the Sigourney family. The reports seem to have been well founded, for, shortly after her return to New York, she showed that the curse of the nineteenth century—the demon drink—had added another name to the list of his victims. She abandoned her husband, became an outcast, and was next heard of as an inmate of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Her husband's love was still sufficiently strong to induce him to make another effort to save her, and through his influence she was released, only again to desert her home. In the winter of 1853 the papers spoke of a young and beautiful woman having been found dead under the snow, in a disreputable street in New York. Something seemed to tell Sigourney that the body was that of his wife. Upon making inquiries he found that his surmises were but too true, and after claiming the remains, he had them interred in that picturesque "silent city" which overlooks the busy harbour of New York. The story of that erring wife was told in the touching language of "Beautiful Snow." What wonder that he shunned the publicity that its authorship would have conferred! The late Henry J. Raymond, then editor of the *New York Times*, was for years the friend of Major Sigourney, and obtained for him employment as a journalist, which his failing health compelled him to abandon. The circumstances connected with his death remain a mystery.



PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. X.—ILFRACOMBE.



THE FRENCH LOAN: DRAWING LOTS BEFORE THE MAIRIE OF THE SIXTH ARRONDISSEMENT.



THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION: DIVISION FOR PORCELAIN MANUFACTURES.

AN AFRICAN HAREM.

I ONCE travelled with Dr. Livingstone, and with him visited Johanna, one of the Comora Islands, which lie between the northern extreme of Madagascar and the African coast.

It had been arranged that we should stay a few days at Johanna, and when the prince heard of the intended sojourn, he said "Ah! you have been to see the king, now come and see me. Will you come?"

Prince Mahomet was the king's first cousin, and by several years his senior. The prince was lean and short of stature, his voice was harsh, and his countenance expressed a mind that was "vile and villanously mean."

"Prince, you are such a churlish set of people with respect to your women. If we visit your houses we see men only; now, if you came to our houses we should introduce you to the ladies of our households," I ventured to remark.

"Ah, yes, I know your custom with women is different to ours," said he. "Every nation has its own custom. What is good for one may not be so good for another. Your custom is very good for you, perhaps. Our custom is good for us, that we know. But I am a man who has seen many things and many places, and I have not the prejudices which some of my people have; and if you will do me the honour of paying me a visit, you shall see my wives. Now will you come?"

"Under such circumstances, certainly," said Dr. Livingstone, and the visit was arranged for the next day but one.

At the time appointed the prince came off to the ship in order to take us on shore in his own boat. He was arrayed in a magnificent dress of bright blue silk, ornamented with gold lace, and he was evidently in a delightful state of self-consciousness. Dr. Livingstone, two other gentlemen, and myself were ready to accompany him. When we gained the shore we found that the news of our purposed visit to the prince's harem had become known to many, and there was a considerable assemblage of slaves and the poorer half-castes to greet and follow us. This demonstration may have been arranged by the prince; he was certainly pleased with it; and he marched ahead of us as though a person of greater importance than the king himself. I could not help thinking, as we went on our way, that the sentiment with which he regarded the king was far from loyal.

The prince's establishment consisted of a group of buildings surrounded by a wall of stone. One of the houses was much larger than the rest, and to this we were taken. After passing through a desolate-looking ante-room we entered an apartment about forty feet square; but though its proportions were noble, its appearance was not attractive. The furniture was scanty, mean, and much worn; the chintz that covered the couches was faded, and the glasses that hung on the whitewashed walls were, with one exception, cracked; the floor was uncarpeted. This was the prince's own apartment, and this probably accounted for the poverty of its appearance. Each wife has her own chamber, and as the greater part of her dowry is expended upon the decorating and furnishing of it, the prince's room probably afforded no fair indication of the character of his whole establishment. Here it was, however, we were to have audience of the ladies.

After inviting us to be seated, the prince left us, in order to apprise his wives of our arrival. He went out by a doorway covered by a damask hanging, which, we presumed, led to the ladies' apartments. He returned in a few minutes, and with him came, not a wife, but a little Malay woman, old and shrivelled, but full of vivacity. Her sharp, shrill voice rang through the room when she announced that the ladies would soon appear. She was evidently the janitress of the harem, and the prince seemed to be much in awe of her. She was born at Cape Town, but had many years ago married a Johanna man. She spoke English very imperfectly, but Dutch like a Dutchlander; and when she found that Dr. Livingstone could speak that language, her pleasure was so demonstrative I thought she would have embrahim. It seemed greatly to cheer her old heart to hear once more that most ugly of all languages. She asked a multiplicity of questions about Cape Town. She rattled away at the highest pitch of her voice until her excitement fairly broke her down; then she seemed to recollect herself, and, with a kind of chuckle, said, "Now I will send in the ladies," and ran off with quite a youthful agility.

After she had retired, the prince, who was evidently excited and somewhat nervous, said "My wives say I must tell you of a little custom. When they come in they will each one of them come to each of you, and you will have to go through a little ceremony each of you with each of them. Oh, it is not much—it is not what you think," he continued, with a shrewd smile. "It is only this. Each of them will hold in her hand a little bit of bread, and each of you will break off a small piece from each, and eat it. That done, we are friends—always friends.

We expressed gratification and ready compliance. The ladies not appearing, he disappeared behind the curtain again, but quickly returned. The curtain was then withdrawn, and, standing in a row on either side of the passage, we saw a number of little slave-girls, some of whom were very gaily dressed. Then there came from a room at the end of the passage a stout lady, about twenty-five years of age, whose face was only saved from being commonplace by her large and really beautiful eyes. Her appearance as she entered the room was dazzling. The bodice of her dress was of cloth-of-gold; the short skirt was of Indian muslin, elaborately worked with gold and silver thread; her drawers were of the same material, and similarly ornamented. Her naked feet were slipped into richly adorned sandals, and on her head she wore a purple velvet fez-shaped cap that was refulgent with gold lace and jewels. Round her waist she had a jewelled zone, and round her neck jewels of silver and jewels of gold were multiplied in a barbarous profusion; she had rings on all her fingers; she wore bracelets, armlets, and anklets of gold; and her ears were strangely decorated, for not only were the lower lobes perforated, but the rim of each ear was pierced in several places, and, instead of one jewelled drop, each ear sustained four or five. The first effect produced on me by this profuse display of personal ornamentation was amazement, and then the absurdity of it appeared so great that it was difficult to refrain from laughter. Yet we could not help being pleased with the woman who had taken so much pains with herself to please us; and when she came forward to shake hands, which she did rather awkwardly, we bowed our lowest and smiled our sweetest. To her succeeded a tall, finely built, very handsome woman, of about twenty years of age. Her figure was perfect; the grace of her carriage was faultless, and her large black eyes were so lustrous they seemed to flash light. With the first lady the richness of costume was most prominent, but with this woman the beauty of her person far outshone the magnificence of her attire. She was dressed and ornamented, with some slight variation, like unto her sister-wife, to whom, indeed, she was really sister; for the prince informed us that they were children not only of the same father, but by the same mother. She moved toward us like a queen, self-possessed and gracious; and, though she had not the manner of a European lady, the mode of her hand-shaking was unimpeachable. A few moments elapsed before the third wife presented herself. Her appearance was insignificant, her features expressionless; her eyes lacked lustre; her form, though not angular, was spare, and destitute of all grace; her movements were awkward, and though dressed not less grandly than the others, her costume appeared far less resplendent. The prince appeared to feel that we were conscious of her defects, for, as she turned from us after the usual salutation, he exclaimed: "Oh, she is a very tame wife!" (These ladies, be it said, did not understand English.) The curtain over the doorway fell, no other lady appeared. To our look of inquiry the prince replied: "That is all. I have but three wives—only three. If I had as many as my birth entitles me to, I should have twelve—as many as the king—but the French have my island, and so I am only a poor devil with but three wives!"

The introductions ended, the senior lady came forward and held out to us what looked like a thin slice of gingerbread, from which we each broke off a small portion and ate it. It was abominable to the taste; a vile compound of bad oil, Indian cornmeal, and sweets. The ladies seated themselves on a couch opposite to that on which we sat; and we were instructing the prince to convey to them our thanks for the great honour they had done us in granting this interview, and an unbounded admiration of themselves, when, by all that is shocking, we discovered that they chewed betel-nut! For, right and left, with a volume, a precision, and a force that a Yankee might have envied, they began to relieve themselves of the consequences of this abominable habit. Up to this point all had seemed consistent with the place and the occasion; but this was a feature in the romance of the harem that I had not looked for. However, we expressed our gratification, and our sentiments being made known to the ladies, they showered upon us smiles and pleasant glances. At this juncture the prince's mother entered the room. She was a very fat, very dirty, but very cheerful old woman. Her dress was a simple robe of brown cotton, without ornament of any kind. The prince rose as she entered, and led her to a seat; his manner in doing this was most respectful and almost affectionate. He told us that she was a very religious woman, had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and was regarded as a saint.

She was certainly a good-natured old woman, and had she not every two or three minutes ejected a torrent of coloured fluid from her mouth, she might have been agreeable.

Our conversation with this old lady was interrupted by the entrance into the room of three African slave girls, who were very prettily attired in vestments of many colours. Two of them carried silver trays, the contents of which were hidden from our eyes by veils of white muslin; the third was laden with sherbet. At an indication from the chief wife, the sherbet-bearer approached and knelt before us, and continued kneeling until we had emptied our glasses and replaced them on the tray. Then one bearing a veiled tray went up to the ladies, and knelt before them. Upon the veil being removed, we saw four bouquets, composed of the blossom of a sweet-scented shrub that had been sewn on to a piece of calico cut into the shape of a heart. She who had the pre-eminence with the ladies took a bouquet, and looked and smiled at Dr. Livingstone, who went up to her and received it from her hands, and then gallantly fastened it on to the breast of his coat. We were each similarly favoured. Then the third girl approached with her burden, and upon the veil being removed we found that it consisted of four mouthfuls of betel-nut, wrapped in the leaf with which it is masticated. Again a pleasant smile and a sunny glance brought us to the ladies, and we each received our portion of the betel-nut. But what were we to do with it? We had disposed of the bouquets satisfactorily, but the betel-nut puzzled us. Was it intended for use or for show? The prince explained that as it was the custom of the English to offer wine to their guests, so was it the custom of his people to offer betel-nut; and when offered, as in the present instance, by a lady, it could not be refused or taken away untasted. After which explanation we, of course, expressed ourselves delighted to do what was expected of us; but before we had put the objectionable morsel into our mouths, the ladies volunteered to flavour it with a preparation of lime, which they keep by them in small silver boxes, and which gives to it an additional pungency. This the prince declared was not only a delicate attention but a great honour also; inasmuch as in days gone by only those who had achieved the renown which the pilgrimage to Mecca gave were permitted to take their betel-nut flavoured with lime. The thing itself was not offensive to the palate; it tasted something like nutmeg, and it caused an excitement of the glands which was far from being unpleasant, but it made expectoration a necessity. Despite the example of the ladies, I strove against doing as they did, but in vain—I was compelled to relieve my mouth or choke. My companions were in the same predicament, and the position became so ludicrous that laughter long and loud was the result. The ladies, ascertaining the cause of our mirth, laughed also, and we quickly became a very merry party. They told us that the use of the betel-nut ought to be general; that it cheered the spirits, allayed pain; that without it fasting was impossible, as it assuaged hunger; that it quieted the restless and soothed the temper; that it gave rest to the weary and sleep to the sleepless; that, in fact, it made all who used it happy, and should be used, therefore, by everybody. The repulsive consequences of its use were as nothing; and we were advised to take a quantity of betel-nuts to England, in order that the English might experience the benefits of its rare qualities. Then the young ladies sought information upon the social and domestic life of English women, and were much amused by our replies; and one of them remarked that it must be very dull to be the only wife of any man—they preferred their own arrangements.

As conversation progressed, I said to the prince, "You complained just now that you had but three wives; to me, three would be a burden I could not bear. How do you manage to keep them in order?"

"Oh," said he, "quite easy—nothing easier. Look at me. I have this coat on to-day. I like this coat to-day, to-morrow, perhaps next day also. But when I have worn it so long, I cease to like it—I wish for another; and I fold it up, put it away, and put on another coat. Well, it is all the same with a wife!" And he chuckled at the aptness of his illustration.

"But wives are not coats, and cannot be treated so unceremoniously," I observed.

"Not English wives, truly; for English women are very different from Arab women. English women think of themselves, always think of themselves, think very much of themselves—think very little of their husbands; so they are disobedient, self-willed, do what they like, and will not do what their husbands like. But Arab women think more of their husbands than themselves; they live to please their husbands; they are obedient; they are much better than English women, and a man may do with them just as he pleases. Suppose she should disobey him, what does he? He says to her, 'By Allah! I will leave you!' And if she disobey him three times, and he says that three times, she is no longer his wife, she must go back to her father's house. But suppose an Englishman marry a woman, and she prove to have a very bad temper, and disobey him always; a very hot tongue, and scold all day and all night, too—lead him a devil of a life; make him sweat very much with trouble, make him wish to kill himself—what can he do? He can do nothing; he must keep her, and must not take any other woman to wife to comfort him. Ah! the Arab custom is better than the English custom; and the Arab women are better for the men than the English women. I am sure of that!"

I told him that though people in England did sometimes make unhappy marriages, yet, as a rule, it was not so, inasmuch as every opportunity was given before marriage of becoming acquainted with the character and feeling of those we married, and that very few really wished to annul the marriage contract. Upon which he replied, warmly: "That is not true! I read your newspapers. I know all about Sir Cresswell, and I know that many husbands and wives in England tire of one another, and try to get unmarried. Ah, English custom is a bad custom, say what you will. I tell you," continued he, "that our women are different to your women—much better; not so wilful. And look at the Arab woman before and after marriage, and see if our custom is not better for her and her husband also. Before marriage, the Arab woman sees no man but her father, her brothers, and such male relatives that, by our law, she cannot marry; after she is married, she sees her relatives and her husband—no other man. She must love her husband, for she sees only him. She is not like an English woman, who goes from home every day, goes where she likes, and sees what men she likes. She must go wrong—must get tired of her one husband. Any woman would; but Arab woman stop at home always, say her prayers, and love her husband."

I assured him that his estimate of English women was erroneous—that Christianity had elevated them far above the mental and moral position occupied by Mohammedan women; that they were trusted and respected because they were trustworthy and respected themselves; that a higher law than he seemed able to comprehend was the guide of their life; that they were virtuous upon principle, not upon compulsion as were the Arab women, who were shut out from the company of all men but that of their husband and near relatives, and were watched day and night. Upon which he waxed angry, and exclaimed; "I do not believe you; I believe what I see. We know that the Christian man is not a good man; your newspapers tell me that the Christian woman is not a good woman. You say that only a few are not good. If a few are bad, why not many? If many do wrong, why not all? All have the same opportunities, and the few are as much Christians as the many. They may be good, they may be bad; you don't know, for they go where they please, do what they please, see whom they please. You think them good; I think them bad—which is right? You cannot say, you cannot know, until what you call the day of judgment. But that is too long a time for me to wait before I know what my wife is; I like to be quite sure now." And again he chuckled over his own jest.

He was an utter disbeliever in any life higher than he could realise from his own observations and personal experience, and I pursued the vexed question of English and Arab customs and their effects upon women no further; but before we took our departure I asked him if his wives could read.

"Read!" said he, in unfeigned astonishment, "No! we never teach our women to read; they know too much already."

Our visit must have been a strange episode in the lives of these three ladies, the prince's wives. I do not think they were consciously unhappy; they had not sufficient knowledge of a higher state of life to be other than contented with their lot. They knew of no other than "the custom of their people," and they evidently accepted it as though no other custom could be.

As we left, we were exhorted by the mother of the prince to inform her admiral, on our return to England, that she had not forgotten him, and should forget him never. And yet she had seen him but once; and that was many years before; he had been introduced to her as we had been introduced to her son's wives, and she had cherished him in her memory ever since.

The prince accompanied us back to the ship; and during the time of our sojourn at Muzumuda I saw him repeatedly. On one occasion he brought an Arabic translation of the English Bible, and asked me to point out the passage in which the mother of Moses was mentioned by name. This led to a conversation upon the Christian and Mohammedan religions. The prince was a shrewd assailant of Christianity, attacking it through the sins and follies of its professors with no mean intelligence.

He admitted, however, that the power of all Mohammedan nations was fast waning, but, said he, "Mohammed is coming again, and then all you Christians will become Mohammedans. He may come soon; in a few years; five, ten; at the utmost twenty-five. If he do not come at the end of twenty-five years, I promise you I will become a Christian."

MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

MR. WALTER THORNBURY, in a letter to the *Daily News*, thus details the result of a visit to a *séance* at Messrs. Hawk and Hernshaw's, the celebrated mediums, 14, Kattafelto-row, Hamburg-square. On my first visit the medium's room was already full, and I was refused admittance. The bookseller, in the shop below, informed me that "the conditions were found to be most favourable when there were only seven or eight people present," and that I could come the next Monday. So I entered my name in the Libro d'Oro, and went away as pleased as a man with the toothache who happens to find that the dentist has gone out of town. The next Monday I went and found the bookseller in Kattafelto-row in high spirits, and very busy folding up copies of a spiritualist newspaper. He was so cheery that it at once struck me that he received an agency on every visitor. "Here's a gentleman here, sir," he said, turning round sharp on a controversial-looking customer, "who, knowing nothing of the subject, yet ventures to dogmatise and argue with all the assurance in the world—half-a-crown, sir, and the *séance*, thank you, sir, first door upstairs." I went up into a stuffy parlour with folding-doors, and found about fourteen people hot, nervous, and evidently uncomfortable. They were walking about staring at some weird-looking pictures, clouds that here and there disclosed a face, and crazy-looking drawings formed of intersecting lines and sweeping circles. There was a piano in one corner, and the windows were carefully closed. On the long table were several speaking trumpets formed of stiff brown and gilt paper. Some of the visitors took up these, talked hollowly through them, and laughed with uneasy scepticism. There were two ladies, several young men who looked like clerks, a bluff man from Liverpool, and a dwarf. Most of the people looked as if they would like to get away at the last moment, if they could by any fair pretence. Presently Messrs. Hawk and Hernshaw, two coarse-looking young men, with large red hands, and a subdued, sham sanctimonious manner, entered, seated us round the table, dividing and isolating the sceptics, and requesting us to join hands. The gas was then turned down, and the *séance* began. Hawk was at one end of the table, facing Hernshaw on the other. I could feel my pulse beat, and phosphorescent eyes seemed staring at me, but as the retina of every human eye is luminous, and as the hearing the pulse beat was only imagination, I soon collected myself to hear what would be said by the knavish or the more credulous. There was at first a good deal of half-hysterical laughing and nervous talking, and shy or bold voices from here and there in the dark faintly or gruffly questioned and answered. The bluff Liverpool man objected to joining hands; he had been to successful *séances* where hands were not joined. Mr. Hawk said drily that joining hands often improved "the conditions." Now and then if a chair creaked some one nervously asked if that was anything. It was the darkness that did it. One did not know what was passing behind one, or what was coming. So even the boldest of us "held his breath for a time." All at once Mr. Hernshaw, at the further end from me, began to gurgle and groan like a person in an epileptic fit. Some one cried "Turn up the gas." It was done, and we beheld the Medium with his head twisted up like a young Laocoon in the folds of a red table cloth. He disentangled himself with a disturbed, suffering air. The spirits were upon us, though why they should stifle their interpreter I could not quite see. The sceptics smiled sardonically. I suspected the lady in nankeen colour next me, and the dwarf and people immediately round both mediums. A female voice tremulously suggested that singing might "improve the conditions," on which, after some coyness and request for a second, Mr. Hernshaw struck up "Power of Love Enchanting," in maudlin spiritualistic words. The song, however, was not warmly responded to, and, in fact, proved a failure. It was time something should be done. Things looked dull. All at once we were hailed by one of the most tremendous gruff bass voices that ever hailed a man-of-war. John King, the favourite spirit of Mr. Hawk, had appeared with a grumbling announcement of his presence. "Who is this John King?" inquired the Liverpool man, who, if he was a confederate, acted peculiarly well. "He lived about 300 years ago," said some one in the dark. "Then he must have fought with the Armada," suggested the Liverpool representative. Mr. Hawk leaped at the suggestion, and replied, "It is supposed he did." "I suppose he wears a pigtail?" continued the inquirer. Mr. Hawk again bit, and, regardless of the history of British costume, said, "Yes; he does." It was a remarkable fact that the speaking-trumpet voice proceeded always from the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. Hawk, and, in spite of many requests, never came to the centre of the table. On John King again growling out that there he was, and what did they want, a sceptic opposite me exclaimed, in the true dramatic manner, "Rest, rest, disturbed spirit," which so enraged John King (whom the lady in buff next me whispered "had been a notorious pirate") that he bellowed in his ear, "You seem very fond of Shakespeare." A few minutes after there were sounds of violent blows, and several sceptics were struck on the head by John King's speaking trumpet, a sofa-cushion was flung at me, and an antimacassar was thrown in the face of the gentleman from Liverpool. I said nothing about my cushion, but the other feats of the spirits were loudly proclaimed with fear and surprise by persons more credulous or more nervous than myself. An irritable sceptic facing me, who had said that any ventriloquist could imitate a deep voice, got rapped violently on the head, and John King bellowed at the same time, "Is that ventriloquism?" A man near me said he thought he felt a cold breeze passing over his hands, and a cold finger touch his. I several times was convinced I felt Mr. Hernshaw's feet touching my legs, but I said nothing about it, to see what he would do next. One thing I could not help observing. This was, that the missiles hurled at sceptics came in a slant line from where Mr. Hawk sat. I also noticed that a singular creaking of the Medium's chair usually preceded any utterance of John King. The lady in nankeen now began, in a wheedling, coaxing voice, to beg "Kate" to appear. Kate is Mr. Hawk's second "familiar," and he described her to us as a short person, with dark ringlets, and wearing a blue robe fastened by a girdle, facts which seemed to deeply interest the lady in nankeen. Presently a little whiffling voice announced Kate, who, however, only said something about "Jenny Jones, of Hampstead," and then withdrew. To Kate Mr. Hawk assumed a gallant, lover-like manner; to John King an air of half-amused defiance. So does familiarity accustom us to even the spirits of the departed. By and by, two stones were thrown violently upon the table, but no one expressed any audible alarm. Still the room was hot and stifling, the darkness affected the coolest imagination, and straining one's eyes and ears for spiritual manifestations produced a not unnatural feeling of uneasiness in the mind. Sometimes I fancied the table jerked or reared a little, sometimes I thought I heard animals' feet pattering up and down the table. It is on such workings of the imagination that spiritualists, and especially the professional mediums, trade. No more voices coming, Mr. Hawk proposed our changing places to "improve the conditions"—that is to say, to repack the confederates, and still more isolate the sceptics; but no result came. "It is too hot," some one suggested; upon which Mr. Hawk replied that the most favourable weather for spiritual influence was frosty weather. He allowed that what he had heard and seen was not enough to convert any sceptic, and that apparently no more could be expected. The Liverpool representative here remarked that at a recent *séance* Kate had kissed every one present; on which Mr. Hawk remarked that, after all, for real satisfactory experiments there was nothing like a private *séance* (ten shillings). The spirits could not be compelled to appear; he was merely their medium. The conditions seemed bad. Upon this the gas was re-lit, and the *séance* concluded, to my extreme relief, for my hands and arms were benumbed by remaining so long in one position, and the heat was oppressive. Several persons, I observed, shook hands with the mediums before they left; I did not. A grosser and more unsuccessful effort at vulgar deception I never saw.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S DEFENCE.

THE *Gaulois* publishes the text of a pamphlet which it states is to be issued by Prince Napoleon, entitled "La Vérité à mes Calomniateurs." In it the Prince, after explaining his reasons for meeting the attacks that have been made upon him, notably by M. Jules Favre in the Assembly, proceeds to meet two charges—1, that he had provoked the late war; and 2, that he had avoided meeting the enemy. From the correspondence which this pamphlet contains, it seems that when Prince Napoleon learned of the Emperor's surrender he offered to rejoin him, and to this offer the Emperor replied in the following letter:—

Wilhelmshohe, September 17.

My dear Cousin,—I am very sensible of the offer you make to share my captivity, but I desire to remain alone with the few persons who have followed me. I have even requested the Empress not to join me here. I hope we shall see each other again in happier times, and in the meantime I repeat to you the assurance of my sincere friendship.

In reference to the events which followed Sedan, Prince Napoleon writes:—"All was now over. After the triumph of enemies, the allies of the Prussians among us overturned our dynasty under the pretext of better defending themselves. A mob, blinded by despair and deception, allowed itself to be led by a hateful group of ambitious intriguers, who set the frightful example of internal anarchy in the presence of the invader. All the resources remaining to France were scattered; the resistance which the heroism of some soldiers and some distinguished generals had not suffered to render successful had no other effect than to extend devastation, and to make the fall of the nation more sanguinary and more profound. Our unhappy country affords the spectacle of the degree of abasement to which a great people may descend when in the face of the enemy it finds in its leaders only impotence, envy, greed, malice, hatred, and all evil passions unloosed."

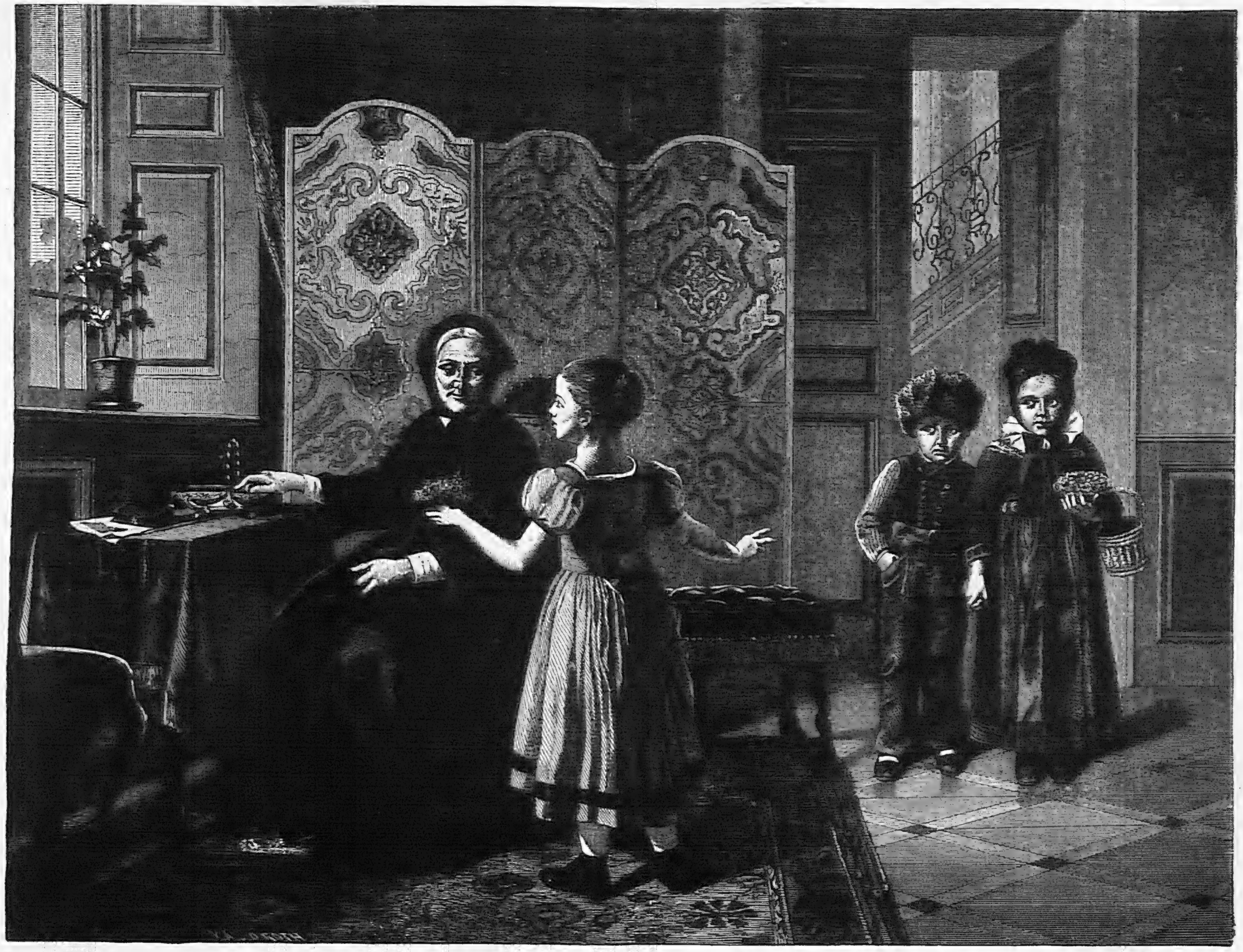
DICKENS AND A DIVINE.

A WRITER in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who is contributing a series of papers to that periodical, under the title of "Our Whispering Gallery," narrates the following little incident related to himself by Mr. Charles Dickens during a summer evening walk among the Kentish meadows, a few months before he died:—

"I chanced to be travelling some years ago," he said, "in a railroad carriage between Liverpool and London. Besides myself there were two ladies and a gentleman occupying the carriage. We happened to be all strangers to each other, but I noticed at once that a clergyman was of the party. I was occupied with a ponderous article in the *Times*, when the sound of my own name drew my attention to the fact that a conversation was going forward among the three other persons in the carriage with reference to myself and my books. One of the ladies was perusing 'Bleak House,' then lately published; and the clergyman had commenced a conversation with the ladies by asking what book they were reading. On being told the author's name and the title of the book, he expressed himself greatly grieved that any lady in England should be willing to take up the writings of so vile a character as Charles Dickens. Both the ladies showed great surprise at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author whom they had been accustomed to read, to say the least, with a certain degree of pleasure. They were evidently much shocked at what the man said of the immoral tendency of these books, which they seemed never before to have suspected; but when he attacked the author's private character, and told monstrous stories of his immoralities in every direction, the volume was shut up and consigned to the dark pockets of a travelling bag. I listened in wonder and astonishment, behind my newspaper, to stories of myself which, if they had been true, would have consigned any man to prison for life. After my fictitious biographer had occupied himself for nearly an hour with the eloquent recital of my delinquencies and crimes, I very quietly joined in the conversation. Of course I began by modestly doubting some statement which I had just heard touching the author of 'Bleak House,' and other unimportant works of a similar character. The man stared at me, and evidently considered my appearance on the conversational stage an intrusion and impertinence. 'You seem to speak,' I said, 'from personal knowledge of Mr. Dickens. Are you acquainted with him?' He rather evaded the question, but, following him up closely, I compelled him to say that he had been talking not from his own knowledge of the author in question, but he said he knew for a certainty that every statement he had made was a true one. I then became more earnest in my inquiries for proofs, which he arrogantly declined giving. The ladies sat by in silence, listening intently to what was going forward. An author they had been accustomed to read for amusement had been traduced for the first time in their hearing, and they were waiting to learn what I had to say in refutation of the clergyman's charges. I was taking up his vile stories one by one, and stamping them as false in every particular, when the man grew furious, and asked me if I knew Dickens personally. I replied, 'Perfectly well; no man knows him better than I do, and all your stories about him from beginning to end, to those ladies, are unmitigated lies.' The man became livid with rage, and asked for my card. 'You shall have it,' I said, and, coolly taking out one, I presented it to him without bowing. We were just then nearing the station in London, so that I was spared a longer interview with my truthful companion; but if I were to live a hundred years I should not forget the abject condition into which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged. His face turned as white as his cravat, and his lips refused to utter words. He seemed like a wilted vegetable, and as if his legs belonged to somebody else. The ladies became aware of the situation at once, and, bidding them 'good day,' I stepped smilingly out of the carriage. Before I could get away from the station the man had mustered up strength sufficient to follow me, and his apologies were so nauseous and craven that I pitied him from my soul. I left him with this caution—'Before you make charges against the character of any man again about whom you know nothing, and of whose works you are utterly ignorant, study to be a seeker after truth, and avoid lying as you would eternal perdition.'"

WITH respect to the Germans who were expelled from France, the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily News* writes:—"At present by far the largest number have not gone back to France, having found remunerative employment at home. Many belonging to Prussia and to the free cities have put in no claim at all. Most of them are commercial men, and have gone back to France. In spite of the Anti-Prussian League, commercial relations have been resumed extensively between France and Germany. Indeed, Germany is inundated with offers of articles of French manufacture. The rate of exchange on Paris being now very low at Berlin, in consequence of the payment of the war indemnity, the prices at which many French articles are offered are still more reduced to the German buyer, and the warehouses avail themselves of the opportunity to increase their stocks. France will probably be able to pay a considerable part of the next instalment in bills on Germany. She will enjoy that ambiguous advantage, so eagerly sought for when the protectionist school of political economists was flourishing, of exporting far more than she imports. She will, namely, export the value of the war indemnity, without Germany paying for it."

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—EXCELLENT PILLS.—The resources of medicine and chemistry were long and fruitlessly tried before they yielded a remedy which could overcome disorders of the stomach and nerves till Professor Holloway discovered his purifying and tonic Pills. They are the safest and surest correctives of indigestion, heartburn, flatulency, torpidity of the liver, twitchings, nervous fancies, despondency, low spirits, and declining strength. Holloway's Pills supersede all irregular action in the body, and so strengthen and support the system that disease departs, and leaves the patient not at all shaken. This is the grand desire and object of medical art, to regulate disordered functions without damaging the constitution by the remedy, and admirably is this end attained by Holloway's Pills.



FLOWER SELLERS.

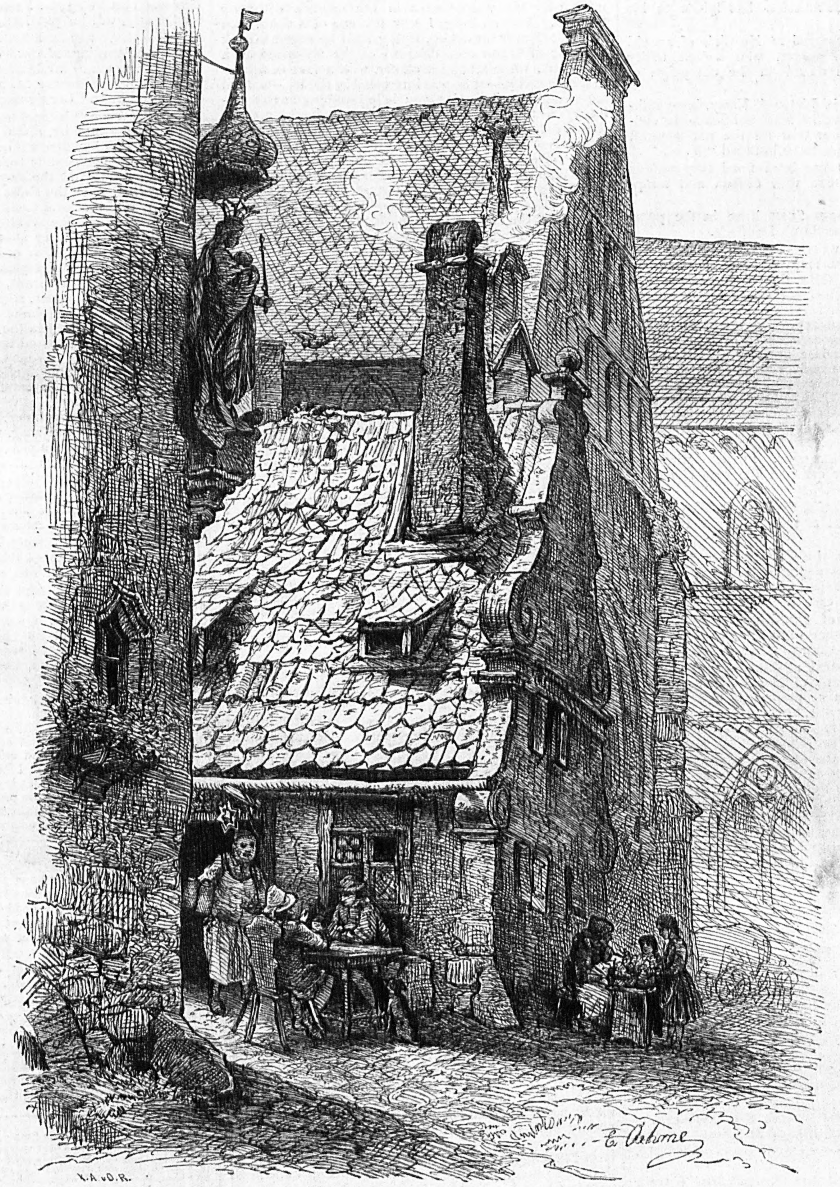
A WRESTLE WITH NIAGARA.

I WAS standing about thirty or forty yards in advance of the Clifton, that is, thirty or forty yards nearer to the Horseshoe, along the brink of the rocks and opposite the American fall. The ground must have been about the same height as the opposite fall, but owing to the immense hill down which the rapids rush, it was possible to distinguish any object of the size of the boat a considerable distance above the fall, so that, now it was pointed out to me, I saw, in the middle of the rapid, a huge log of wood, the trunk of a tree, which had lodged there some years before, and upon it a black speck. This, after some observation, I perceived to move.

It was a man! Yes; he and his two companions had, on the previous night, been rowing about some distance above the fall. By some means or other they had ventured too near the rapids, had lost all command of their boat, and had been hurried away to destruction. It was supposed that about half a mile above the fall the boat had upset, and, with two wretched men still clinging to it, went over the fall at about nine o'clock at night, while the third man was driven against this log of wood, climbed upon it, and sat astride of it through the darkness of the night, amid the roar, the turmoil, and the dashing spray of the rapids!

I crossed the river, ascended the rock by the railway, and hurried to the spot, where I found him so near that I could almost distinguish his countenance. He was then lying along the log, grasping it with both arms, and appeared exhausted to the last degree. He was evidently as wet from the spray as though he had been standing under water. By this time people were assembling, and different plans for his rescue were proposed and discussed on all sides—already, indeed, one effort had been made. A small boat had been firmly lashed to a strong cable and dropped down to him from the bridge which crossed the rapid between the mainland and Goat Island, about sixty yards above the log.

This boat had proceeded a few yards in safety, was upset, spun round like a piece of cork at the end of a thread by the force of the water, which finally snapped the cable in two, and the boat disappeared over the fall. But now a despatch had been sent to Buffalo (a distance of little more than twenty miles) by electric telegraph, desiring that a life-boat should be sent by the first train, 9.30 a.m.; and this in time arrived, borne on the shoulders of about twenty men, and a splendid boat she was, large, built entirely of sheet-iron, with air-tight chambers—a boat that could not sink. She was girt round with strong ropes, and two new two-inch cables brought with her. All this arrangement naturally took up much time, and the poor wretch's impatience seemed extreme, so that it was thought advisable to let him know what was going on. This was done by means of a sheet, upon which was written in large letters in Dutch (his native language), "The life-boat is coming!" He stood up, looked intently for a minute, and then nodded his head. When the boat was launched the excitement was intense. Two cables, each held by many men, were let down from either end of the bridge, so that they might have some command in directing the course of the boat down the river. She seemed literally to dance upon the surface of the water like a cork.



AN OLD HOUSE IN NUREMBURG.

The rapid consists of a number of small falls distributed unevenly over all parts of the river, so that there are thousands of cross currents, eddies, and whirlpools which it would be utterly impossible to avoid, and in which lay the danger of transit for any boat between the bridge and the log. The life-boat's course was steady at first: she arrived at the first fall, she tripped up and swung round with a rush, but continued her course safely, only half filled with water. Again she descended with safety, but at length, approaching the log, she became unmanageable, swinging either way with immense force, spinning completely over, and finally dashing against the log with such violence that I fully expected the whole thing, man and all, to have been dislodged and hurried down the rapid. But, no! it stood firm—the boat had reached its destination. Yet, alas! how useless was its position. It lay completely on its side above the log, and, with its hollow inside directed towards the bridge, played upon by the whole force of the current, which fixed its keel firmly against the log. It seemed immovable. The man himself climbed towards it, and in vain tried to pull, lift, or shake the boat; nor was it moved until, both cables being brought to one side of the river, by the united force of fifty or sixty men she was dislodged, and swung down the rapid upside-down, finally pitching headlong beneath an eddy, entangling one of her cables on the rocks, and there lying beneath a heavy fall of water, until, in the course of the day, one cable being broken by the efforts of the men to dislodge her, and the other by the sheer force of the current, she went over the falls—the second sacrifice to the poor fellow, who still clung to the log, swayed between hope and fear. The loss of this boat seemed a great blow to him, and he appeared, as far as we could judge at a distance, at times to give way to the utmost despair. A third boat was now brought—wooden, very long, and flat-bottomed. its passage was most fortunate; and as she floated down, even alongside of the log, without accident, hope beamed in every countenance, and we all felt the man might be saved. Hope also had revived in him. He stood for some time upon the log, making signals to those who directed the boat.

Another plan was now devised. A raft of from twenty to thirty feet long and five feet broad was knocked together with amazing rapidity. It consisted of two stout poles, made fast, five feet asunder, by nailing four or five pieces of two-inch board at each extremity; thus the machine consisted of a sort of skeleton raft, with a small stage at either end. On one of these stages—that to which the cables (of which there were two) were lashed—was tightly fixed a large empty cask, for the sake of its buoyancy, on the other a complete network of cords, to which the man was to lash himself; also a tin can of refreshments, he having taken nothing since the evening before; four similar cans had been let down to him already, attached to strong pieces of new line, but the cords had in every instance been snapped, and the food of course lost.

The raft was finished, launched, and safely let down to the log. The poor fellow committed himself to its care; he lashed his legs firmly, and then signalled to be drawn up. Thus for the second time the ropes had begun to be drawn up; the raft advanced under the first pull, but its head, owing to the great light cask, dipped beneath it; and as the raft still advanced the water broke over it to such a depth that the man was obliged to raise himself upon all fours, keeping his chin well elevated, to avoid being drowned. We expected at every pull to see his head go under; but, alas! they pulled in vain, for the front of the raft, pressed down by the weight of the falling water, had come in contact with a rock, and would not advance. The ropes were slackened, she fell back, but again hitched in her return. It was then determined to let her swing to another part of the rapid, where the stream did not appear quite so impassible. This was done, and a second attempt to draw it up was made, half-way between the log and the opposite shore (a small island). This also failed from the same cause. Therefore it was proposed to endeavour to let the raft float down and swing round upon the island. This was commenced, but with the old result—the cable caught in the rocks, and the raft remained stationary. However, she was floating easily, and the poor fellow could rest.

Early in the day, for the afternoon was now far advanced, one of the large ferryboats (built expressly for crossing beneath the falls) had been brought up, but had lain idle. This was now put into requisition, and nobly she rode down towards the raft, whilst in breathless silence we all watched her as she dipped at the various falls, and each time recovered herself. I shuddered as she was launched, for I began to see that the man could not be saved by a boat. No sooner would her bow come into contact with a fall than it would dip, fill, and spin round, as did the first skiff which was lost.

The poor fellow himself was getting impatient—visibly so. He untied his lashings, stood upright upon the raft, eagerly waiting to seize the boat and jump into her. She had but one more fall to pass, and that fall was situated just above where he stood. She paused at the brink of it, swung down it like lightning, and, as he leaned forward to seize her, she rose on the returning wave, struck him in the chest, and he struggled hopelessly in the torrent.

The exclamation of horror, for it was not a cry, which burst from the thousands who by this time were assembled, I shall never forget, nor the breathless silence with which we watched him, fighting with the waters as they hurried him along to death, waving both arms above his head.

HOME AND ABROAD.

IN a French paper we find the following announcement:—M. Richard Becesley, éditor de *Becesley et Magazine* vient de mourir a Londres dans sa 77e année.

THERE is a prospect that the Secession movement will shortly be reopened in South America, and General Grant is reported to have lately said that he feared another war with the South, and hence his great desire for peace with England.

A JOURNAL of Zürich states that Professor Vœgelli has discovered in the library of that town a decoration for a ceiling, painted by Holbein, and hitherto supposed to have been lost. This work will be sent to the exhibition of paintings by that master now open at Munich.

THE *Union* publishes a complete retraction by Bishop Maret, of Sura, of his pamphlet about the Council, and adds that the Pope has expressed to him the joy which this act of submission has given to his Holiness.

THE death has just occurred at Norwich of an old soldier, named Isaac Plunkett, who served under the Duke of York in Holland in the campaign of 1795.

A NUMBER of persons in Listowel, Kerry, have withdrawn their children from the National School in consequence of a silly rumour that all the pupils were, by order of the Government, to be branded "V. R."

A DUBLIN tobacconist has been fined fifty pounds for adulterating his tobacco with carbon and lampblack.

MESSRS. HOULSTON AND SONS have in the press "Psalms of Life," by Miss Sarah Doudney.

A LIVERPOOL captain writes that last January, after he left that port for New York, cholera broke out on board his ship, and in a short time twenty-seven passengers had died of it, although they were each treated according to the stereotyped remedy provided by "the book." The skipper then applied a method of treatment that had been recommended by his predecessor in command, and did not lose another patient in that voyage or since. The remedy was this:—"A tablespoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of red pepper in a half-pint of hot water." He was himself attacked with violent cholera, but the medicine "carried him through." He adds: "The medicine acts quickly as an emetic, say in one or two minutes. It brings up a very offensive matter, which sticks like glue. Provided with this simple receipt, I no longer consider the cholera an unmanageable disease."

THE new Dean of St. Paul's, the Rev. R. W. Church, is the eighty-fifth occupant of that post since the Conquest.

ADVICES received from the Continent state that the cattle plague is still destroying a great number of animals in the French Departments of the Nord, the Ardennes, and the Pas de Calais.

THE whaleship *Eric*, of Dundee, has arrived at Longhope, having twenty-one whales on board. Most of the other Dundee vessels are well fished.

THE watchmaking business at Bienne—in the valley of St. Imier, the mountains of Neuchatel, and other centres of manufacture, is at present in full activity. Workmen are in great request, and the supply of them, it is said, does not nearly meet the demand.

A PRESIDENTIAL decree published in Saturday's *Journal Officiel* promulgates the law adopted by the National Assembly creating several new taxes. Among the subjects upon which duties are to be levied are wooden and other matches. The first-class wooden matches are subjected to a tax of one centime five millièmes per box containing not more than fifty, and of three centimes per hundred upon larger boxes or packets. Wax and other superior kinds of matches are to pay at the rate of ten centimes per hundred or fraction of a hundred. These duties are to be independent of the Customs duties levied upon such articles when imported.

A BANQUET in honour of Ricciotti Garibaldi has been given at Rome by a Republican Association. Some of the speakers expressed the hope that both Garibaldi and Mazzini would be in Rome on the 20th inst., at the celebration of the anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into the city.

THE *Gazette* announces a baronetcy has been conferred on Mr. John Stepney Cowell Stepney, of Llanelly, Carmarthenshire.

THE death is announced of another well-known publisher, Mr. Strange, of Paternoster-row. He was seventy years of age.

THE sudden death is announced, from apoplexy, of M. Schneider, Minister of Justice at Dresden, while making the ascent of the Piz Languard, in Switzerland, on Monday week.

THE Brussels correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes:—The principal difference remaining to be adjusted between the employers and the mechanical engineers concerns the supplementary hours of work; the workmen desire above all things the establishment of what they call the normal day of work, by which they understand ten hours of labour. The employers, conceding this, wish to fix the pay for supplementary hours, which they reserve to themselves the right of requiring according to the pressure of work, at the ordinary rate, while the workmen ask double pay for overtime, not, as they say, for the sake of earning more, but to prevent the employers from re-establishing in a new manner the old working day of twelve hours.

IT is announced that the examinations for degrees in the University of London for the remainder of the present year will be held as follows:—Oct. 10, Doctor of Literature; Oct. 23, Bachelor of Science and Bachelor of Arts; Nov. 6, Bachelor of Medicine; Nov. 27, Master in Surgery and Doctor of Medicine; Nov. 28, Bachelor of Surgery. The Scriptural examinations will not take place on the 21st of November.

EIGHT hundred pounds' worth of illicit spirits were seized in Guernsey last week.

A TELEGRAM has, it is said, been sent by the King of Spain to the Empress Eugenie, asking her what honours she desired to be rendered to her on Spanish soil. Her Majesty, in reply, said that it was her wish to travel in the strictest privacy.

A WOMAN in Liverpool has committed suicide through "fear of poverty."

A MOCK sun of great beauty and brilliancy was observed from the Ordnance Barracks, Limerick, last week.

THE recent rains have seriously injured the potato crop in county Down.

A MOVEMENT is now on foot among the journeymen boot and shoemakers of Carlisle for an advance of wages.

THE *Daily News* reporter writes:—"Gentle or simple, your Briton accepts the roughnesses of his position, and grins over his uncouthness in the niceties of camp cookery. This morning I saw the son of a duke, with his shirt sleeves turned up, trying what he might to cook a rasher of bacon on a coke fire on the tail-board of a forge cart, while a brother officer, with a face of preternatural gravity—for he was interested in the fry—worked the bellows lustily. Can you help laughing at this picture? A fire and a frying pan—an officer's servant skewers from the frying pan with a fork something remotely resembling a beefsteak. Solemnly bearing this trophy of cookery before him he marches through the horse lines till he reaches his master's tent. His master, very hungry, is on the look out with a great slice of bread in his hand. Straightway the steak is on the bread, and the officer goes to work at the double stratum with a clasp-knife, as you see a Berkshire waggoner eating bread and bacon."

THE Lahore papers give prominent notice to the fact of an Englishman, Mr. Charles Davis, and his wife being illegally kept prisoners by the Rajah of Jheend, a small native state in the Punjaub. Mr. Davis joined the service of the Rajah about five years ago as bandmaster. He had, however, incensed the Rajah, by giving frank advice to a British soldier not to enter the service of Jheend without certain guarantees. The Rajah ordered Mr. Davis, with his wife and family, into close confinement, placed four sentries over them, took possession of all his property, deprived him of writing materials, detained all his letters, and stopped his correspondence. Mr. Davis has had no trial, and he and his family have been kept close prisoners for the last four months.

A SOLDIER who had been sentenced to death was executed at Marseilles on Saturday morning for passing insurgents through the lines on the 4th of last April.

THE German members were absent from the Prague Diet on Saturday. A declaration on their part was read justifying their non-participation in the debate by the illegality of the Diet in consequence of the prerogatives assailed by the Crown. They protest against any illegal votes that may be passed, and request that the Governor will bring their declaration to the notice of the Government.

ACCORDING to a recent return the total number of hands employed in the mills, factories, and works in the United Kingdom is 973,267.

THE new Bankruptcy Act has deprived thirty-six clerks and officers in the London Court of their situations.

THE *Standard's* Paris correspondent telegraphs that the disarmament of the French National Guard was to commence on Saturday, and that M. Jules Ferry will be shortly appointed French Minister at Washington. The *Telegraph's* correspondent telegraphs that in return for the concession made in connection with the evacuation of the departments, manufactured goods from Alsace and Lorraine will be admitted into France free of duty to the 1st January next, liable to 25 per cent. Customs to July, 1872, and to 50 per cent. duties to July, 1873. The same correspondent telegraphs that it is believed only Lullier will be executed. Numerous Communists have been arrested lately, including six petroleuses.

THE municipality of Constantinople has given notice that at the expiration of a month the employment of donkeys as beasts of burden in the streets will be forbidden, and horses and mules will have to be used in their stead.

THE *Constitution* publishes a letter which it has received from M. Theisz, lately a member of the Paris Commune, and at present a refugee in London. The writer denies an assertion several times made at the recent trials at Versailles that he had obtained his immunity from prosecution by favour of a passport from the Government. He declares that he only escaped from Paris on the 29th of July, having until then remained in concealment, and that since his arrival in London he has obtained his livelihood by his labour as a carver. "Appointed Director of the Post Office by the Commune," he says, it was "the only authority I directly exercised, and I conscientiously performed my functions; and if I did give my support to the propositions of the Parisian Chamber of Commerce in the interest of the postal service, I never took any part in attempts at conciliation; for I was convinced that in the struggle of the people against the men of bad faith who made use of them there was no conciliation to be effected save by triumphing. As a member of the Commune I formed part of the minority, because the line of conduct adopted by the majority was opposed to my principles of opposition to authority, and appeared to me to compromise the revolution, whose triumph I desired. But, whatever my opinion may have been of the value of the men, I remained faithful to the Commune and to the Federalist and Socialistic ideas which it was its mission to represent and to realise. Although opposed to war, and especially to civil war, I took part in the struggle up to the last day. I was close to Vermorel when he was wounded at the barricade of the Château d'Eau."

THE Fenian brotherhood, according to the *Irish People* newspayer of New York, has united with the "Irish Confederate Directory" of that city, so that hereafter the Fenian factions will cease quarrelling with each other for a little while.

MISS WATT, of Cincinnatti, has been appointed to a professorship in Monmouth College, Illinois; and Mrs. Celia Burleigh has been elected "pastor" of a Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, Conn.

VICTOR HUGO is suffering from an attack of pleurisy, which causes some uneasiness to his family.

ARRANGEMENTS are in progress for the founding of a college for technical instruction in Glasgow.

THERE is a rumour current that Mr. W. P. Price, one of the sitting members for Gloucester, will at the next election offer himself for East Gloucestershire, and that his son, the present member for Tewkesbury, will be a candidate in the Liberal interest in his stead. Should Mr. Price, however, retire from Gloucester city, it is understood that Mr. J. G. Powell, Q.C., who formerly sat for the city, will be put forward in the Liberal interest again.

THE brigantine *Anna*, of Teignmouth, was, on Saturday, run into while anchored in Mullion Roads, near the Lizard, by the St. Malo schooner *Syrene*, and sank in an hour. Crew saved.

ALL her Majesty's loyal subjects (says the *Scotsman*) will read with interest, and no small degree of pride, an account which has reached us from Balmoral of a recent deer-stalking incident in that neighbourhood, of which a popular member of the Royal family is the hero:—On Monday last, when the Duke of Edinburgh was stalking in that part of the royal forest, near Loch-na-gar, known by the name of the White Mouth, he wounded a splendid stag by a long shot from his Henry rifle, and the animal had strength enough left to scramble down the steep precipices and plunge into the dark waters of the Dhu Loch. Mr. Grant, the head-keeper, who was with his Royal Highness, slipped a beautiful staghound (a present from Cameron of Lochiel), which followed, and, seizing the quarry in the water, held on by the neck as it crossed and recrossed the loch. At length the stag succumbed, and the gallant hound endeavoured to push it to the shore. Unable to effect this, it returned to land as if to ask for aid. But none of the Highlanders could swim. Men of unequalled vigour on crag and mountain, they were powerless in water. There seemed to be every prospect of losing the stag, when the Duke, who had climbed down the precipice, arrived, and, finding how matters stood, quickly divested himself of his outer garments and plunged into the loch. A few strokes brought him to the floating carcase, which he brought back in triumph to the shore, admidst the cheers and shouts of the admiring attendants.

THOUGH reputed, during his lifetime, to be a comparatively poor man, A'ali Pasha is reported to have left a fortune of nearly a million and a half.

A ROMANCE OF BADEN BADEN.—We published in our last, from the *Leeds Mercury*, one of the leading provincial newspapers, a story for which the *Mercury* had the authority of its Scarborough correspondent. The *Standard* (London) seems to have published the same, or a similar article, and has made the following apology:—

> We have received a communication from Messrs. Lewis and Lewis repecting a paragraph under the above heading in the *Evening Standard* of the 25th of August. The paragraph in question, which we took and acknowledged from the *Leeds Mercury*, and which reflected on the character of "Count de Villers," is said by Messrs. Lewis and Lewis to relate to a foreign nobleman of a differently spelt but somewhat similarly-sounding name. The facts are pronounced to be "entirely misrepresented, and some even false." We hasten to express our regret at having, however unconsciously, published any misrepresentation or false statement; but we beg to point out to Messrs. Lewis and Lewis that the foreign nobleman on whose behalf they have addressed us was not named in the paragraph in question, and could not be identified with it, except so far as the approximately similar sound of the name is concerned. We relied entirely on the good faith and information of our contemporary, and deeply regret that in so trusting we have given pain to the gentleman at whose instance Messrs. Lewis and Lewis have written to us.

Having been similarly misled, we lose no time in expressing our sincere regret at the publication of the article in question. We entirely endorse the explanation and views of the *Standard* as expressed in the above paragraph.

WE recently expressed a hope that the Alexandra Palace scheme would include a literary department. We hear that this has been decided upon, and that Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is to be the literary director.

OAKEY'S WELLINGTON KNIFE POLISH.—Old knives cleaned constantly with this preparation bear a brilliancy of polish equal to new cutlery. Can be used with any kind of knife-board or knife-cleaning machine. Retail packets 3d. each, and tins 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. each. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London.

SILVER, ELECTRO PLATE, &C., TO CLEAN AND PRESERVE.—*Oakey's Non-Mercurial Silversmiths' Soap* is guaranteed to be free from mercury or any other injurious ingredients too often used in the manufacture of plate powder. Tablets 6d. each, by all grocers, ironmongers, brushmakers, chemists, &c. Wholesale, Oakey and Sons, Wellington Emery and Black Lead Mills, Blackfriars, London. [309

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Arcker's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 460. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslins, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring and summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1829.
Office—No. 2, BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER.

TRUSTEES.
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The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Bishop Sumner.
The Archdeacon of Maidstone.
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Deputy-Chairman—Robert Few, Esq.
Consulting Actuary—Samuel Brown, Esq.
Actuary—Stewart Helder, Esq.
Physician—Dr. Stone, 13, Vigo Street.
Secretary—Matthew Hodgson, Esq.

Total existing assurances	£4,912,205	0	0
Total annual income	198,314	2	6
Total funds	1,891,915	12	7
Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits	280,000	0	0
Bonus reserve fund	45,453	15	5

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields. Instituted 1799.

Incorporated 1826.
Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President.
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Vice-Presidents.
The Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.
The Right Honourable the Lord TEIGNMOUTH.
ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq.
Treasurer.
SAML. RICHARD BOSANQUET, Esq.
Bankers.
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street.

The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation.
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS
Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,
The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283
Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

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HEAD OFFICE: 133, West George Street, Glasgow.
LONDON OFFICE: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.		1871.
£36,165 8 10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139 2 0
27,554 3 4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243 16 10
13,111 11 1	Losses	22,766 17 7
7,555 10 6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336 11 2
17,067 10 4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869 14 2
68,492 10 4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294 14 2

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager*.
May, 1871. [370

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE

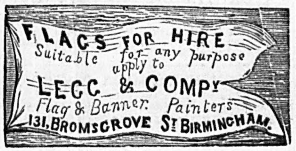
Is noted for making a most invigorating, vitalising, and refreshing draught, that has proved the best preventive of SMALL POX, and Headache, Sea or Bilious Sickness; it quickly cures the worst form of Eruptive or Skin Complaints, and the various diseases arising from Constipation, the Liver, or Blood Impurities, Inoculation, the results of breathing air infected with Fevers, Measles, or other and contagious poisons, *are Cured and Prevented by its Use*. Sold by all Chemists and the Maker. In Patent Glass Stoppered Bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. each. NOTICE MY TRADE MARK, AND BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

H. LAMPLOUGH, 113, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON, E.C. [37

WILLCOX AND GIBBS' SILENT SEWING MACHINE.

TRIAL
BEFORE
PURCHASE

MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426



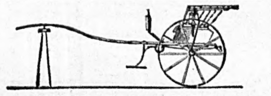
MR. J. SWINSON,

DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.
Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA,

at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY's EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234



FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS.

Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you. These Gigs are built of the very best materials, steel forgings, hickory wheels, double riveted, bent felloes, best lancewood shafts, lamps, best india-rubber apron, best cloth cushions, driving box, patent whip socket, mail patent axle with solid flaps, rubber blocks in ends of springs. Price £31 10s. nett. Warranted twelve months.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World.

[218

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street,

the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

N.B.—The above works may be obtained of SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH

defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [573

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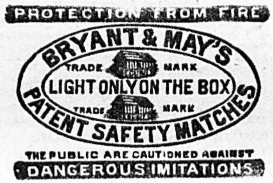
Wholesale and Retail. [269



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TRADES

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Gentleman, many years tormented with Corns, will be happy to afford others the information by which he obtained their COMPLETE REMOVAL in a short period, without pain or any inconvenience.—Forward address, on a stamped envelope, to F. KINGSTON, Esq., Church Street, Ware, Herts. [238

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(formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church St., Liverpool, Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required.

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Liverpool. [797

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265] W. B. WYATT, Proprietor.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,

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In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,

In use the last 70 Years for
LIVER COMPLAINTS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. [248

Beautiful Residential Property in the North of Ireland.—By Messrs. GEORGE WALTERS & SON auctioneers, in the Corporation-hall, Londonderry, on Wednesday, the 27th day of September, 1871, at 2 o'clock afternoon,

THE MANSION HOUSE AND ESTATE OF ROE PARK,

formerly the seat of Harvey Nicholson, Esq., deceased, situate in the county of Londonderry, within ten miles of the city of Londonderry (between which and Glasgow and Liverpool there is direct communication by sea), and three-quarters of a mile of the thriving market town and railway station of Newtonlimavady. This most desirable property contains 270 acres, or thereabouts, of which about sixty-eight acres are well wooded, the remainder being arable, meadow, and pasture land of excellent quality. The mansion-house is a large and important structure, standing on a noble elevation in a beautifully timbered park, and commanding extensive views of mountain, woodland, and river scenery, unsurpassed in the north of Ireland. It is approached by a fine drive, and the gardens and orchards are well stocked with fruit trees, and cover an area of upwards of five acres, on which are a greenhouse and vinery, each about 90 ft. long, and other horticultural erections and appliances. The river Roe, affording both salmon and trout fishing, flows in front of the mansion-house, and through and along the demesne for upwards of a mile, adding much to its attractiveness. The woods are well adapted for pheasant breeding, and are frequented by woodcock, and the fine old timber in the park is famed for its size and beauty. The property has been for some years in hand, so that immediate possession of the whole may be had free from tenant right or other claims. It is in excellent order, and is well adapted for a gentleman desirous of a country mansion with a moderate-sized home farm attached, or the farm can be readily let as a detached holding. The tenure is in great part freehold, and the remainder fee-farm. The district is peaceable, well cultivated, and prosperous. For plan and particulars, with a photographic view of the mansion-house, and cards to view, application may be made to the auctioneers; or to Messrs. E. and W. Willsby, solicitors, Berwick-upon-Tweed; Messrs. Anderson and Lee, solicitors, Dublin; Mr. B. H. Lane, solicitor, Newtonlimavady; Mr. T. Chambers, solicitor, Londonderry; Messrs. Johns, Hewett, and Johns, solicitors, Belfast; Mr. George Knox, solicitor, 3, Bloomsbury-square, London: Mr. Goodman, solicitor, Sweeting-street, Liverpool; Steph. Sanderson, solicitor, Berwick-on-Tweed.—Berwick-on-Tweed, 3rd August, 1871.

MIDDLESEX CONSERVATIVE REGISTRATION ASSOCIATION.

—Conservatives who have received NOTICES of OBJECTION to their CLAIM to come on or remain on the Register of Voters for the county of Middlesex, are requested to SEND such Notices to the undersigned, when their title to vote will be defended, free of expense, by

WOLLASTON F. PYM, Agent for the County.
No. 6a, Victoria Street, Westminster.

COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX REGISTRATION.—1871.

—Notice is hereby given, that James Newton Goren, Esq., the Barrister appointed to REVISE the LIST of VOTERS for Knights of the Shire to serve in Parliament for the county of Middlesex, will hold Courts for that purpose at the following times and places, taking at the respective Courts the lists for the parishes and places hereunder mentioned or referred to, that is to say:—

At the Chequers Inn, Uxbridge, on Monday, the 25th of September, at 12 at noon, for Cowley, Harefield, Hayes, Hillingdon, Ickenham, Ruislip, Uxbridge, West Drayton.

At the Black Dog, Bedfont, on Wednesday, the 27th of September, at 12 at noon, for Ashford, Bedfont, Cranford, Feltham, Harlington, Harmondsworth, Laleham, Littleton, Shepperton, Staines, and Stanwell.

At the Enfield Arms, Enfield, on Thursday, the 28th of September, at half-past 11 a.m., for Edmonton and Enfield.

At the Court House, Edgware, on Friday, the 29th of September, at 11 a.m., for Edgware, Finchley, Great Stanmore, Harrow, Hendon, Kingsbury, Little Stanmore, and Pinner.

At the Vestry Hall, Bancroft Road, Mile End Road, on Tuesday, the 3rd of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the polling district of Mile End.

At Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead, on Wednesday, the 4th of October, at 11 a.m., for Hampstead and Willesden.

At the Lords Justices' Court, Westminster Hall, on Thursday, the 5th day of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for Lincoln's Inn and the parishes and places within the city of Westminster.

At the Town Hall, Church Row, Bethnal Green, on Friday, the 6th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the polling district of Bethnal Green.

At the Windsor Castle, Hammersmith, on Tuesday, the 10th of October, at 11 a.m., for Chiswick, Fulham, Hammersmith, St. Luke Chelsea, and St. Mary Abbott's Kensington.

At the Castle Inn, Brentford, on Friday, the 13th of October, at 11 a.m., for New Brentford, Heston, Isleworth, Twickenham, Twyford Abbey, and so much of the parish of Ealing as lies within the Ecclesiastical Districts of St. Paul and St. George, Old Brentford.

At the Vestry Hall, King's Road, Pancras Road, on Saturday, the 14th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the district assigned to poll King's Cross, or within half a mile thereof.

At the Court of Queen's Bench, Guildhall, in the city of London, on Monday, the 16th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for the parishes and places within the city of London.

At the Red Lion Hotel, Hampton, on Wednesday, the 18th of October, at half-past 10 a.m., for Hampton, Hampton Wick, Hanworth, Sunbury, and Teddington.

At the Viaduct Inn, Hanwell, on Thursday, the 19th of October, at half-past 11 a.m., for Acton, Great Greenford, Hanwell, Norwood, Northolt, Perrivale, and so much of the parish of Ealing as is not included in the Ecclesiastical Districts of St. Paul and St. George, Old Brentford.

At the Bell and Hare, Tottenham, on Friday, the 20th of October, at half-past 11 a.m., for Tottenham.

At the Railway Hotel, Hornsey, on Tuesday, the 24th of October, at 11 a.m., for Friern Barnet, St. Mary Hornsey, Monken Hadley, and South Mims

The lists will be taken at every Court in the order in which they stand in the Register.

RICHD. NICHOLSON, Clerk of the Peace
Sessions House, Clerkenwell, September, 1871.

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Very Best	55s. to 5 guineas.
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Very Best	55s. to 4 guineas.
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MACASSARINE, for the Hair, 1s.
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